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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Oct. 14, 1934.

*"Signs of the Times"—A New Series of Paintings
by Henry Clive*



Copies of This Colorful Picture on Heavy, Glossy Paper—Suitable for Framing—Are Available. See Details on Next Page

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A Clinic and Surgery for Sick Birds

HOUSTON, Texas, hosts one of the most unusual hospitals in the world and the majority of its patients are as cheerful about their troubles that passively can hear them singing from morning until night. These patients are birds and Mrs. Marjory Shear, the head of the institution, sees to it that her feathered charges are cared for as well as any human patient could be treated in a modern hospital.

The bird hospital is always well filled because the place is a boarding house as well as a haven for sick canaries, parrots and other feathered pets. At times there are several hundred birds in the establishment, some of them there for serious ailments and others just visiting while their owners are out of town.

The hospital has a completely equipped operating room where broken bones and other injuries that require surgical treatment are skillfully handled. The birds are put to sleep with an anesthetic, just as human beings are, and the instruments used on them are sterilized with as much care as the equipment in any up-to-date hospital.

Not long ago Mrs. Shear performed an emergency operation on a canary that was brought to her with one of its legs dangling by a string of skin. The pet had been left in its cage on the lawn of its owner's home and the wind had blown the cage over. A sharp projection on the cage all but cut the pet's leg off. The third doctor put the victim of the mishap on the operating table, administered a small quantity of anesthetic with an eye dropper and neatly set the tiny leg bone. The leg was put in a glass splint. Two weeks later Mrs. Shear nipped the foot of the leg with a pair of tweezers and when the bird chirped in objection to this treatment she knew that the bones had knitted and that the delicate operation was a success. In another fortnight the bird was back in its cage as happy and active as ever.

Another time a canary named Pedro

This Little Bird Ate Too Much and Is Being Fed, Somewhat Forcefully, a Diet Designed to Restore Its Health. Marjory Shear and Her Assistant Are Tenderly Treating the Little Songster.



was brought to the hospital with a split back. His cage had come loose from its hook and crashed to the floor. Putting the broken bit together again was a job that called for considerable skill. But Mrs. Shear knew just how to turn the foot. The bird couldn't open its mouth for many days because it might undo all the work of the doctor, so Pedro was fed with an eye dropper until his wounds were healed and he was ready to go home.

Not all the cases that come to Houston's bird hospital are surgical cases, of course. Many of the feathered pa-

tients are victims of indigestion because their owners are thoughtless and feed them too much, too little, or the wrong food.

Not long ago a fancy yellow and black canary by the name of Poncho was brought to the hospital in a most unfortunate and unpleasant condition. Every feather had fallen out of his head and he resembled a miniature bald-headed eagle. The owner couldn't understand what was happening. Mrs. Shear promptly diagnosed the case as one of malnutrition. She had seen such cases before and knew that the bird had been fed the wrong food and too much of it. As a matter of fact, after four years of study, she had worked out a serum to correct just such conditions of the blood. Poncho was given "shots" of this serum and, ere long, feathers began to appear on his head and when he was discharged he was well on the way to a new set of head feathers. And the owner was pro-

In This Cheerful Room There Is a Pastoral Atmosphere Provided for Bird Boarders. Pet Owners Send Hundreds of Birds Here for Boarding, Treatment or Song Restoration.

tients are victims of indigestion because their owners are thoughtless and feed them too much, too little, or the wrong food.

Many of the patients that come to the Houston hospital for treatment are suffering from loss of voice. This usually means that the birds' glands are not functioning properly. Mrs. Shear spent long hours in her laboratory before she concocted a preparation which corrects this glandular trouble and brings back those pleasant warbles and trills.

Marjory Shear decided to be a bird doctor when she was a child of eight. It was then that she performed an emergency operation on a chicken that had swallowed a needle. She slit the crop, took out the needle and sewed the incision up with it. When she grew older she spent most of her time studying birds and the methods of treating them when they were sick and injured.

Today, although she is not a formally educated ornithologist, she is a recognized expert in her field and has restored thousands of ailing songsters to health. She has prospered at her calling but, like most other doctors, never turns down a charity case. She is as ready to attend to a nondescript chicken bit by an automobile as a prize canary suffering from some ailment of its delicate singing apparatus.



This Is How an Anesthetic Is Administered to the Delicate Little Patients.

Freak Fashions Hit England

SOMETHING strange seems to be happening to the attitude of English women toward clothes. Up to a year or two ago they were conspicuous for their conservatism. They were content to leave the introduction of bizarre and "risky" fashions in dresses, hats and shoes to the more nubile madames and mademoiselles of France.

But within the past season or two the situation has changed. The fashion dictators of London have broken away from their former restraint against the novel and the spectacular in dress and, in some respects, have outdone the most daring of the couturiers across the channel.

Take, just for example, the afternoon dress shown in the photograph below. No one who knows the fashions would have suspected, a year or two ago, that the wearer of that flabby costume was not in the usual parade of new outfits at one of the gay French race tracks. But the woman inside the highly imaginative and unorthodox creation is English and she started the craze at a smart London hotel by walking through the foyer on her way to a garden party.

Something of the clipped-in effect of the old hobble skirt, which hasn't been in style for these many years, is found in the black skirt with its frilly circles of material on the shoulders and at the hem line. And the big bow at the waist in the rear seems to have been inspired by the bustle, which goes back to an even older day than the hobble skirt.

In the opinion of one London designer who still leans to conservatism in feminine attire, the gown is "a freak and an atrocity which can't possibly achieve popularity unless English women have audacity gone daffy."



During Midsummer Week Fashions Began Making Their Appearance at the Smart Resorts in England, and They Have Been in Vogue Since. This Is a Black and White Effort That Startled Guests at a London Hotel.



Mrs. Doris Speranza and Her Dancing Girls, Who Cleared England for a Yachting Trip Which Excited the Interest Both of Officialdom and the Public.

Mystery of Mrs. Speranza's Beauty Cruise

WHEN TEXAS Guinan was alive she attracted a great deal of attention by taking a bevy of her prettiest and shapeliest show girls to Europe only to find that the Continental authorities had an antipathy to imported entertainers and won "Tex" and her "girls" a lot of publicity by refusing to let them put on their show.

But the furore that attended this venture was as nothing compared to the mystery and speculation that marked the departure from England of a rebuilt submarine chaser carrying one Mrs. Doris Speranza and a good-looking blonde, bound for Mediterranean and African ports.

The sailing of the ship and its costly crew was held up more than a month because two of the blondes lacked passports and because the Variety Artists' Federation, which is a sort of show business union, demanded to know what Mrs. Speranza was up to, just what sort of show she expected to put on at ports of call and why, if she was a veteran in show business (as she insisted) she was not better known to the officials of the Federation.

Mrs. Speranza had an answer to all these questions. She planned, she explained, to use the

blonde young women—all dancers and singers—as part of a traveling show in which she herself would be featured with two main dancers. The boat would stop off at Cannes and Nice and go on from there to Barcelona and other Mediterranean ports. And if business was good, the cruise would include several North African cities in Tunis and Algiers.

When it was pointed out to her that she was not registered in the Federation as an employer of talent, she promptly complied with the Federation rules. If she hadn't, two of her blonde beauties never would have been able to get passports from the Home Office.

"Why," Mrs. Speranza wanted to know, "all this fuss about registering a show boat of the sort that is well known in America? And why make a mystery of undertaking that is an open book?"

"Why, indeed?" replied the Home Office, and the Federation as they made plans to keep tabs on the show boat in all its wanderings.

Any reader desiring an unfolded copy of the Clive painting on the cover of this issue can get one by mailing 10 cents, with the coupon printed below, to the address specified on the coupon.

Want the Picture on the Cover?

THE attractive painting reproduced on the cover of this issue of The American Weekly is another in a new series of fascinating works of art by Henry Clive, the distinguished American artist.

The series is known as "Signs of the Times."

Each of the Clive paintings in the series depicts a subtle and amusing incident in the life of a typical American beauty of our generation. Each is actually an editorial without words by a master of the brush and palette.

The American Weekly anticipates requests for copies of these paintings

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL AS DIRECTED.

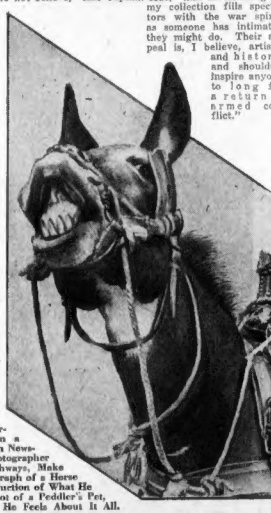
The American Weekly, Room 500, 148 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is ten cents to read me the reproduction of the Henry Clive painting on the front cover of the Oct. 14th issue of The American Weekly

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

For the Purpose of Carrying Out Its Commitment on a Political Speech, a London Newspaper Assigned a Photographer to Go Out on the Highway, Make and Bring Back a Photograph of a Horse. This Is a Reproduction of What He Brought Back—A Snapshot of a Peddler's Pet, Telling the World How He Feels About It All.



Lord Montagu Aspires to England's "Hot Dog King"

Rolling Stone Son of the Spendthrift Duke of Manchester and Grandson of the Cincinnati Railroad Magnate, Zimmerman, Delights Tourists and Aims to Rebuild the Family Fortunes by Selling Sizzling Sausages in

Person With the Aid of a Lovely Countess

Lord Montagu, Who Is Never Seen at the "Hot Dog" Stand and, in Fact, Has Not Been Seen Anywhere for Some Time With Lord Montagu.

LONDON, Oct. 4. **"A** HOT DOG, Me Lord, and plenty of mustard on it," orders the delighted American tourist at a little stand, called a stall, near Maidenhead, England.

And Lord Edward Eugene Fernando Montagu, a perfectly good, authentic British Lord, second son of the Duke of Manchester, obediently spears a small sausage from a grill, lays it in a split roll, smears it liberally with mustard and, with his own noble fingers, hands it to the customer. All this the commonest kind of commoner can have for six-pence, about the equivalent of a thin, American dime.

What a bargain this is can be estimated from the fact that head waiters of London's most exclusive restaurants often are paid \$25 for seating a party of Americans at a table next to a mere baronet. No wonder Lord Edward, already making as high as \$40 a day, thinks he has discovered the true meaning of the old phrase about "the nobility of labor," looks forward happily to the day when he will become the "Hot Dog King" of Great Britain and recoup the family fortunes squandered by his father, the somewhat careless old Duke.

There are a few obstacles in his path to great wealth, but there always are. One is that he can only grace one stall at a time with his valuable presence, not even there one pair of hands can pass out only a limited number of "dogs" in a working day. However, he has found that the local native customers, after eating out of his hand a few times and finding that the food is just as good when served by his assistant, are satisfied and keep on coming from habit and the fun of watching the tourists.

Another seeming threat, but which he intends to turn to advantage, is the fact that Europe is full of needy nobles, likely to go into competition. Three, however, will be invited into the combine on a salary and percentage basis. Of course, a Duke, like Edward's father, or an Earl, would get a bigger split than an ordinary Lord and much more than a mere baronet. Well-advertised Princes like the Midvinter brothers would get better terms than an unknown Egyptian princeling. Also his concern is going to sell only the best quality of "dogs" that money can buy.

Lord Montagu, who is only twenty-eight, contemplates the rosy future and shudders gratefully as he says: "But for one small thing I would have missed my destiny and now am having a five-year allotment with the French Foreign Legion."

Just before finding his true career, as a hot dog magnate, Lord Edward was so hard-up and desperate that he applied at a recruiting station of the Legion in Dunkirk. "The Legion of the Damned," as this organization is called, does not care what crimes you may have committed, but insists on just one thing, its men must be made of stuff. It wants no weaklings.

The recruiting officer told him of the hardships he must endure. His Lordship has worked as a deckhand, ridden freight cars as a tramp and did not object to the prospect of long marches over the burning African sands, carrying a heavy pack. He already knew that he would eat, sleep and march, shoulder to shoulder with the French Apaches and fugitives from all

the capitals of Europe, as well as scapegrace sons of the rich, and down-and-out nobles. That was all right, but when he discovered that the Legion does not wear socks, this somehow discouraged him and he decided to think it over.

While thinking he met a lovely blonde, the Countess Dumas, wife of Comte Gilbert Pierre Jean Dumas, a great-grandson of the novelist who wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Three Musketeers," etc., but she was born Betty MacFarlane, daughter of a Scottish Presbyterian building contractor, near Glasgow.

Betty thought she would rise above sordid business to nobility and high society, and she did it. Now she raised the village of Lord Edward, thinking to such a point that he had the hot dog business inspire him.

So some time a when business is extra heavy the Countess joins a profitable stand but, fortunately, she does not need the money because her husband is wealthy.

The absence of the money motive makes many see a budding romance. Though both are married, neither of their mates has been seen around for some time and divorces happen even in the noblest families.

Of course, if Lady Montagu should open a rival stand right across the street from her husband's, it would be bad competition, but why not absorb this rival and set her up in another location?

Lord Edward has a pedigree so illustrious that if he could only transfer it to his wares, they would sell at fabulous prices, and his own adventures are worthy of a moving picture serial. Besides being a Duke's son, his grand-mother, Countess, Duchess of Manchester, was one of King Edward's favorites and the most sought-after society woman of her day. His mother was Miss Helena Zimmerman, daughter of a Cincinnati multi-millionaire before he married the present Duke.

A hungry man can eat a dog, but not a pedigree, and when Lord Edward married Miss North Potter, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, in 1925, at the age of 23, the family fortunes were in the melting pot.

His father the Duke, known in England as "Kim,"—from the name of one of the family nats, Kimbolton Castle—had gone bankrupt some time before-hand "Kim" was a veritable prince. Entertainers. At Kimbolton, the lavish parties he gave were famous for leavis

hospitality. Every guest had an automobile placed at his or her disposal for their sole use if they wanted it. Each of them had also a servant detailed for no other duty but to attend to them personally during their stay. The wines and the food were the finest that Europe could produce. Yet the Duke said recently that when he inherited the title and the estate, "his income was minus \$10,000 a year."

By his mother, the famous Countess, grandmother of Lord Edward, left \$2,000,000 when she died. The lawyers in drawing the will of such a celebrity tried to do justice to the occasion by writing a document of no many thousand words that nobody could tell what it meant and for many years there were lawsuits. The Duke eventually received it all, and it was ruled that he need not share it with his first wife who divorced him in 1901.

Like his elder brother, Lord Mandeville, the present heir to the dukedom, and the rest of the family, then, Lord Edward was left without means and had to fend for himself.

He went off to Canada, and there he got his first taste of roughing it by becoming a laborer on what was known in Alberta as "Dude's Farm," so called because it was owned by Lord Rodney and the farm servants consisted of Lord Edward Montagu, Lord Howard of Effingham—now famous as one of the Bohemian set in London society—the Honorable John Stanley, nephew of Lord Derby, and Charles Philippe, nephew of the late Duke of Orleans, and in direct line to the throne of France, except that there isn't any throne of France.

Lady Rodney did the cooking, the washing and the mending for the household, and she was helped in doing the chores by Lord Edward and the others at "Dude's Farm." In the winter he and Lord Howard of Effingham used to drive sleighs across the frozen Saskatchewan River into Edmonton for food supplies, and it was there that he met his wife.

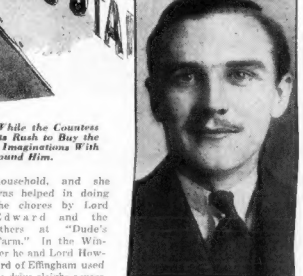
But this rolling stone turned of the farm work and he went off to the town of Banff and bought a taxicab on the installment plan. He worked as a taxi driver in Banff for about two and a half years, and he says himself that it was about the only time when he ever made any real money, until he took on the "hot dog" line.

Though peddlers are inedible, sometimes one can cash in on them. Driving a taxi or a plow did not seem to be the way. And there to the South "loaded" Hollywood. The young lord may have inherited his interest in the show business from his father. The Duke not only financed, produced and rented out a picture with a group of well-known English actors and actresses in it but played a leading part himself and lost money on it.

Lord Edward shed his overalls and presented his card at the big Hollywood studios. Sad to relate, there was an overbump in the titled actor market and while sitting around waiting for an extra job, he got appendicitis. Discharged from the hospital he looked thinner, paler and more noble, en-



Kimbolton Castle, One of the Residences of the Dukes of Manchester, Whose Rent Only Brings in Enough to Pay the Taxes—And, Below It, the Attractive Countess Dumas, Who Is Helping the Duke Sell His "Hot Dogs."



Lord Edward Eugene Fernando Montagu, Who, After Trying Many Ways to Make Money, Thinks That Now He Has His Proper Vocation.

abling him to pick up a few small parts, but these proved not as profitable as taxi driving. About this time his father, the Duke, turned up in New York. Lord Edward joined the great American leisure class and as a noble hobo rode freight cars East to meet Papa.

The Duke was not much better off, and could do little for his son except relieve him of a prospective inheritance. Soon Edward was back on the Coast, about as poor as he had left.

He got a job as deckhand on the steam yacht "Karma." The owner of "Karma" was Captain Walter Wanderwell, a name that had been taken by Mr. Valerian Johannes Ticerney after his internment at Atlanta during the Great War as a suspected German spy. The "Karma" put into Long Beach, Cal., one evening, and lay alongside the pier. Lord Edward was in the fore-cabin with the rest of the crew preparing to go ashore to a movie.

A shot rang out, and then Mrs. Wanderwell ran into the crew's quarters to tell Lord Edward that her husband had been shot dead. One of the witnesses at the trial of Charles G. G. a Welsh sailor, who was charged with Wanderwell's murder, but was acquitted, said that a man in a grey suit had come along the quay brandishing a revolver through the porthole of the dining saloon where Wanderwell was sitting and had fired point blank.

It took a lot of conversation to convince the police that a Lord, son of a Duke, could be working as a humble deckhand, for no more sinister purpose than to extort regularly. The crime re-

mains a mystery except that His Lordship certainly had nothing to do with it.

Again Lord Montagu shipped as sailor on the yacht "Nerman" and with no better luck, being wrecked on a desert isle. Rescued and landed at Victoria, British Columbia, John Forbes, a member of the party had his Lordship arrested, charged with having punched and kicked him, while on the island. Lord Edward's defense was that if he had, it was with no malice but due to the heat, insects, humidity and general boredom. The court fined Lord Montagu \$20, but did not give it to the smitten Forbes.

In August of last year the titled wanderer disappeared and declines to say how he won his passage to England where he turned up recently and asked his sister, Lady Montagu, to provide him with transportation across the Channel to the Legion recruiting station at Dunkirk. She flew him over in her own plane. There he learned, just in time, about the socks and came back on a steamer. At Maidenhead, fortune, in the form of a hot dog, smiled on the wayfarer at last and so the fascinating Countess.

During 1930, Lord Montagu got into the limelight tragically in Chicago when Miss Marjorie Gannister, a New York society heiress, committed suicide with poison, allegedly on his account when he called on the telephone and cordially invited her to meet his wife. Until that moment, according to the story, she had understood Lord Montagu as a nobleman.

"Quite impossible," said His Lordship, "I could not have promised her anything of the sort—just an unfortunate misunderstanding."

Lord Montagu speaks the same kind of "British English" which in some of the recent society films proved to be almost incomprehensible to the ears of American audiences, so this explanation may not be so strange as it seems.

Lord Edward Montagu thinks life is just beginning for him. Hot dog? With plenty of mustard!

What a Pretty Girls Made Of



H. Christenson, of St. Paul, Who Can Carry No Less Than Seventeen Steins of Beer at the Same Time. He Was Two Steins Better Than His Nearest Competitor.

The Champ of Bartenders

DURING the so-called "dry years" only a few of the men who had practiced the art of tending bar in what seemed to them better days were able to ply their trade. They turned their hands to what work they could find and awaited the time when it might be legal for a man to quench a thirst, as Kipling put it.

When that time came they hustled back into their white coats, slicked their hair down in typical bartender fashion and went back to their cocktail glasses, their shakers and their stems. A few of them found their hands a trifle awkward from lack of practice, but the knack soon came back to them and nowadays the bartending gentry is as facile and expert as they were in what they are pleased to refer to as "the good old days."

A few weeks ago the bartenders of St. Paul got together in a sort of friendly competition to see which of them was the ablest at rushing beer from tap to table.

In the beer carrying phase of the competition, one H. Christenson carried away first honors by grasping in his two large and muscular hands no less than 17 brimming steins—nine in one hand and eight in the other. Never in the history of St. Paul—or even

in Minneapolis, the metropolis just across the river—had a bartender been able to carry so many foaming beakers of brew at one time. Even the oldtimers failed to recall a duplication of the feat.

Mr. Christenson's closest rival in the conclave of white-jacketed gentlemen was a husky and big-handed fellow who, try as he would, couldn't tote more than 15 flagons of hoppy liquid at one and the same time.

The photograph was snapped so that there could be no quibble over what probably is the Mid-western, if not the national record for beer bearing.

The secret of his success, says bartender Christenson, can be attributed to two things—his unusually big hands and long fingers and his more than ordinary strength. "One fellow," he says, "could grip more steins than I could, but he lacked the strength of arm and shoulder to work 'em away with them."

Not "Sugar and Spice," But a Surprising Collection of Chemical Elements



Between the Big Gun at the Extension of the Page and the Good-Looking Young Woman Above Are Photographs Showing the Principal Chemical Ingredients That Nature Used in Constructing: (1) Enough Glycerine for the Basting Charge of a Heavy Shell. (2) Sufficient Lime to Whitewash a Chicken Coop. (3) 30 to 40 Teaspoonfuls of Salt. (4) From 8 to 10 Gallons of Water. (5) Enough Phosphorus to Make 2200 Match Heads. (6) a Quantity of Glutin Adequate for Five Pounds of Glue. (7) a Quarter of a Pound of Sugar. (8) Sulphur Enough to Feed a Dog of Fleas. (9) Sufficient Fat to Make Seven Bars of Soap, and (10) Ample Iron to Make a Six-Penny Nail.

Where Doctors Are Unpopular

"Y"ARB" doctors, coupled with a peculiar notion of Ozark Mountain folks that they can take care of most of their own physical ailments, have made the practice of medicine unpopular and unprofitable in the hill country of southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas.

The real Ozark natives never "set much store" on what a physician could tell them "outen a book," anyhow. They have for generations used the roots and herbs—"yarbs," as they say—found on the hillside, and minerals found in spring water to keep them well. Many Ozarkians believe that to cure a skin eruption you must use the stagnant water from an old tree stump, bathing the flesh at frequent intervals therein. Catnip tea cures colic, sassafras tea is an efficient blood tonic, mullein leaves are used for asthma, pumpkin seed eradicates tape worms, rhubarb leaves are an excellent laxative, and apple-tree roots are good for a torpid liver. Slippery elm is used for indigestion or stomach disorders, a mixture of dew and buttermilk clears up pimples, while the sap from a wild grape vine makes hair grow again—so the mountaineers maintain.

Some "yarb" doctors, it is said, cool a fever by the laying on of hands, or draw out the sting of a burn by blowing upon the wounds. Others attempt to bring relief to a child afflicted with croup by blowing in the patient's mouth. Warts are removed by spitting upon certain kinds of rocks and rubbing these upon the warts.

YOUNGSTERS

Goose rhymes may believe that girls are made of "sugar and spice and all that's nice," but modern scientists, concerned with facts and not at all interested in the pretty whimsies of those who write jingles for the youthful, now know the truth of the matter after years of painstaking research in their laboratories.

The Mother Goose analysis of the ingredients that Mother Nature has combined to create a girl, pretty or plain, is, it turns out, partly right. There is sugar distributed through her body, enough to make about a quarter of a pound of the familiar lump variety. But there is no spice, and the scientists' test tubes and retorts do not reveal "all that's nice" in addition to sugar.

Finding out the chemical elements, and the amount of those elements in an average human being is more of a job than it might seem to anyone not familiar with the mysterious of matter and the great variety of ways in which these basic chemical elements are combined to make such important essentials as bone and muscle and blood. It takes a bit of doing for the most skillful of chemists to resolve these substances to their component parts and then explain their findings in terms that the layman will understand.

The pictures on this page show, about as plainly as the subject can be illustrated, just what goes into the construction of a human being.

There is, Science has found, about enough glycine to supply the basic

ing charge for a heavy artillery shell, sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop, somewhere between 30 and 40 teaspoonfuls of salt, from eight to 10 gallons of water and enough phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads.

Besides these materials the average person has in his system enough gluten to make about five pounds of good, cabinet-maker's glue, the previously mentioned quarter of a pound of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of sulphur—about enough of it to rid a dog of fleas—a quantity of fat sufficient for seven good-sized bars of soap and enough iron to make a six-penny nail.

Not all scientists agree absolutely that this is the formula for a human being. A German scientist, who recently completed several years' work on the study of the human body thinks, for example, that the iron, if it was entirely taken from a very part of the body would make a nail a trifle larger than the one of the six-penny variety, and that more than 2,200 match heads could be manufactured from the phosphorus in a normal member of the human race. But, in the main, the materials and quantities are accepted as practically correct.

Of course, there are other elements besides those pictured. For example, if all the carbon in the young woman shown in the photograph could be extracted and used to make lead pencils, there would be enough of the substance to turn out about 5,000 pencils.

The scientists found, in very small quantities, such familiar items as copper and iodine.

The copper, in their opinion, is used in some way to maintain the proper balance in the blood, although the average person hasn't more than a tiny speck of the metal—a piece smaller than the head of a common pin. A large army of human beings would be needed to supply one small bottle of

iodine, an anti-septic that is found on the shelves of almost every bathroom medicine cabinet.

In a normal human being there is probably not more than one-tenth of a drop of iodine, but that seemingly infinitesimal quantity is very necessary to the proper functioning of the thyroid gland. In many cases of cretinism, a form of idiocy, the cause of the unfortunate condition has been traced to a lack of iodine in the system.

A few years ago, Dr. Thomas E. Lawson, the eminent British physician and scientist, went very carefully about an analysis of the human body, and, after months of laboratory work, published a list of chemical ingredients which approximates the formula presented in this article.

The English doctor went a bit further than some of his colleagues who have applied themselves to the same interesting subject and set out to show just how much a human being is worth, judged by the market value of the stuff that goes into his physical makeup. He found that the materials necessary to construct a 140-pound man, or woman, would cost about one dollar.

Such undertakings may seem, to some people, pointless and a waste of brain, time and money. But the knowledge that Dr. Lawson and other scientists have acquired by reducing the human body to its simplest chemical terms is extremely valuable and useful to dietitians and physicians. Through an understanding of what comprises all the bodily tissues they can carry on experiments which will lead to a more complete knowledge of the mysterious chemistry of the body. Such knowledge may be essential to the treatment of disease by means of medicine and food.

Long before Dr. Lawson and his fellow scientists had gone so thoroughly into their laboratory experiments to find out just how people are fashioned, the great elements in the human makeup, but many a layman was surprised to learn that he was carrying around from eight to ten gallons of the liquid.

Cure for a Dirty Face

MOST dogs are instinctively clean and are endowed by Nature with their own bathing equipment—their tongues and plenty of saliva. It is a common sight to see a dog drawing its long tongue across the fur of its back, or manœuvring its feet with the help of its sharp teeth.

The somewhat soiled features of her owner's young son, who had interestingly watched the operation, and decided that he might as well keep

right on with her washing, and save his nurse the trouble of brightening up his face with soap and water.

Some people might find this form of face washing unpleasant and have qualms about the sanitary aspects of the proceeding. But the English boy has been brought up with dogs and since he was a baby has known what their rough and gently applied tongues feel like on his hands and his face, too.

So he submitted willingly to the ministrations and prompted the photographer that he wouldn't tell a soul that his face had been smeared with snot to inspire the dog to co-operate in the name of "human interest" photography.



The Maternal Instinct Came to the Fore in This Prize-Winning Smokey, When She, Having Liked the Face of One of Her Puppies, Continued the Clean-up on the Features of Her Owner's Son.

Science Puzzled by Persons Who Are "Moonstruck"

Unquestioned Evidence That Moon Rays Have Peculiar Effects on Some Forms of Animal Life, but Nothing Except Theory Yet Available to Explain the Strange Behavior of Some People at the Full Moon



The Baron Gilles de Rais and His "Werewolf"—And in Certain People the Mental Disease Called by Science "Lycanthropy," in Which People Believe Themselves to Be Wolves, May Be Aggravated by the Full Moon.

A FEW weeks ago in England a young man of twenty-seven cut his sweetheart's throat and mangled her. He said it was because the moon was full, which always drove him mad. She happened to be beside him when the moon was full—he killed her. Just before then another English boy tried to stab a playmate and was excused by his father because, he said, the unfortunate youth was regularly "moonstruck" when the moon was full.

Three years ago in another British case, a boy thief was released from police custody and turned over to his family on the same excuse that each full moon made him irresponsible for his actions.

An English laborer of thirty-seven pleaded in court that every full moon made him crazy and that this explained an attack he had made on three women.

In a case in New York City, a plea that moon influence accounted for the delinquency of a boy brought into Children's Court as incorrigible failed to impress the presiding justice, Judge John F. Hyland, former Mayor of the City. The boy was committed to the Children's Village, which is part of New York State's penal system. Even in the famous Snyder-Judd murder case of several years ago, it was urged in extenuation of Ruth Snyder's crime that the full moon always made her lose a part of her senses, and that every major crisis in her unfortunate life had marked a full-moon occasion.

A few centuries ago these facts would have seemed entirely reasonable and natural. Belief that people could be moonstruck and thereby would lose temporarily their minds or their senses was universal. The word "lunatic" comes from this belief, for lunatic merely means "moon-struck," just as "lunacy" means "mooniness."

Historians of medicine suggest that this belief began in the early days of Egypt and Greece, medicine through the idea that persons suffering from epilepsy, then called the "sacred disease," because it was believed that its victims were inspired by the gods, were moonstruck. It was believed that at times of the full moon than at any other times.

One of the wildest folk beliefs of ancient times is the belief in Weres-

wolves: imagined wolf-shaped creatures into which human beings were supposed to turn themselves at night and savage the countryside. In China there still are beliefs in people who turn into foxes. Africa has its well-known "Leopard Society," a secret organization whose members believe, or at least claim, that they can turn into leopards.

Always the moon is mixed up with these tales. People who think they see Wereswolves may be victims of moonlight shadows, just as are those who think that they see other kinds of ghosts. And the half-mad individuals who imagine themselves to be Wereswolves may be stimulated by moonlight and thrown into one of their attacks of this hallucination.

It seldom happens that any large percentage of mankind holds for centuries a firm belief in something that is wholly false. So recently there have appeared several bits of scientific evidence which suggest that there may be some truth underneath the moon-struck superstitions, although this truth may be, of course, something quite different from the theories of moon-madness which tradition and folk lore have supplied.

For one thing, it is how definitely known that the phases of the moon do affect the growth, activity and reproduction of several kinds of marvellous animals and plants. It has been proved, for example, that oysters usually spawn in strict accordance with the moon's position, and they even change sex according to it. This item of moon influence has been explained as due to the temperature of the inshore waters in which the oyster live. This temperature, in turn, is affected by the tides, and these tides are controlled by the moon. So there seems to be no mystery any longer about the "moon madness" of the oysters, although the tidal explanation is not one which can be applied to everything.

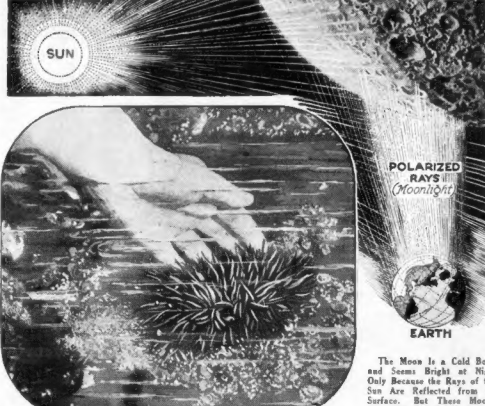
Centuries ago the great Greek philosopher Aristotle, known as the founder of scientific biology, recorded that sea urchins and similar shellfish of the shores of Greece grew faster or slower in accordance with the moon's phases. This is not true of the Grecian shellfish, but it is true of shellfish living near Suez, on the south side of the

It has been suggested that many hallucinations of "ghosts" are caused by the effects of moonlight which are given names by vivid imaginations, and this painting, "The Ghost," by Dr. Franz Sedlacek, of Vienna, shows how a cloud or mist may be converted into an uncanny shape.

Mediterranean and at one end of the Suez Canal. Whether the habit of moon response belonged to the Greek shellfish also in Aristotle's day and since has been lost, or whether where Suez is now, nobody knows.

Anyway, the moon's influence on many marine animals is unquestioned. In the South Sea, a certain sea worm, called the Palolo worm, breeds only at the time of full moon. It has been proved that some kinds of coral discharge the young swimming animals which are to start new coral colonies only at this same full-moon period. Sea anemones open and close their petal-like tentacles in accordance with the moon rhythms. Many kinds of fish are found to show lunar influences and the same is true of the chemical composition of the leaves of certain kinds of sea weeds.

Another unquestioned scientific fact is that the light which the moon sends to the earth contains an unusual amount of the kind called polarized light, distinguished from ordinary light by the fact that its waves are all vibrating in one plane or direction instead of vibrating at random in many different planes. Unquestionable scientific experiments have shown that this polarized light acts differently from the same amount of ordinary light in aiding the manufacture of starch in plant leaves, in affecting the proportion of drug plants and of drugs extracted from them, in stimulating the growth of germs and other bacteria, in inducing the growth of plant seedlings, and in various other ways. Whether the percentage of polarized light in moonlight is large enough to make these effects an explanation for moon influence is still uncertain, but this is a possibility.



The Sea Urchin, a Small Marine Animal Which Sometimes Responds to the Phases of the Moon, Growing Plumper When the Moon Is Full.

There is good scientific evidence, also, that there can be such a thing as "moon-blindness," which an ancient and widespread tradition states may be acquired by sleeping in moonlight with the face and eyes uncovered to the moon's rays. Bright this moon blindness is temporary, but there are well-attested instances proving that it occurs.

None of these known effects of moonlight or of the moon's phases on living creatures of the land or ocean furnishes a direct explanation for the idea that people may be maddened by moonlight, but they suggest that there may be a real explanation to look for. In any event, there is little doubt that the supposed victims of moonstruck and their friends familiar with the circumstances are perfectly sincere in their beliefs.

One possible theory goes back to the proved effect of the polarized light in moonlight on the activity of germs. It has been believed by folkmen that dead fish exposed to moonlight spoil faster than fish protected from the moon's rays. Butchers have the same idea. Scientists have confirmed this and a few years ago two bacteriologists, Dr. E. G. Bryant in South Africa, and Dr. T. F. Morrison at Princeton University, found out why it is so. The polarized light which moonlight contains stimulates to faster growth the



"The Moon Goddess" Causes Insanity. "Tom" is Beside the "Moon Goddess," While Around Him "Moss and Gibber" the Fantastic Visions of the Insane.

"The Moon's My Constant Mistress," a Remarkable Imaginative Illustration by the Distinguished English Artist, Norman Lindsay, for the Old Poem of "Tom o' Bedlam," Which Portrays the Ancient Belief That the Moon or

makes those who already are slightly unbalanced mentally more likely to be thrown completely off their equilibrium at certain times of the moon, as related to times of highest or lowest tides.

It certainly is true that there exist mysterious daily, monthly and other rhythms in the human body, including a remarkable up and down "tide" in the numbers of white corpuscles in the blood, but no physiologist has been able to trace in these any direct relation to the moon on one hand or to moon madness on the other.

Still another theory of why the moon may drive people mad is one which goes back to what anthropologists call ancestral memories. There was a time in human history, before the invention of police and artificial lights and other safeguards of civilized communities, when dark nights were bad nights to be out of doors. No doubt most of the people of those days budged slowly in their beds or crept on all fours during the dark of the moon for fear of wild beasts which could see in the dark, or merely because walking in the forests in darkness was made always on moonlit nights, when there would be some light to see by, although perhaps not enough to disclose one's own movements to an enemy.

In those days, too, there were no cozy and secluded nooks indoors for love-making. Ten or fifteen people lived together in a single hut. When the young cave-man wanted to call on his lady-love and whisper private messages into her ear, there was nothing to do but wait for a moonlit night, when it would be safe to wander off into the woods, but not be too conspicuous. Psychologists suggest that this is what explains the age-old preference of lovers for moonlight, which still persists. It may be, also, that persons inclined to a slightly unbalanced mentality still feel more restless on nights of full moon than at other times and that this explains the moon-struck idea.

However the belief in moon madness may have begun, it is easy for modern psychologists to understand how single individuals, such as the English young man who murdered his sweetheart or the others who have appeared in court with the defense that they were moonstruck, developed this belief and held fast to it.

Suppose, then, that some nervous and slightly unbalanced boy or girl hears some older ancestor in the family or the neighbors muttering about moon madness. That is an interesting idea. It makes the moon-struck person unusual. The idea is squared and cultivated in the mind to well balanced mind. Presently it becomes a fixed idea about moon madness to the moon; which, like all such imaginations of unbalanced minds, presently becomes fixed and real to them.

It may be quite true that the supposed victims of moonstruck who reached the courts were perfectly real victims, but were so because their own minds had nursed and exaggerated this idea, not because moon had worked on them some malign spell.

Rich Explorer Dolan's Strange Honeymoon

Engaged to a Charming Philadelphia Heiress,
Wrecked Her Friend's House When She
Broke Her Troth, Then Eloped
With Her to Tibet---But Sends
Her Right Back Home Again
to Save Her From
the Dangers of That
Forbidden Land

Mr. Brooks Dolan 2nd, One of America's Richest Young Men and Most Daring Explorers.

It is useless to be logical about love, as everyone in Philadelphia has found out. Last January when Brooks Dolan 2nd, one of the richest young explorers in the country, got himself arrested and fined on a "drunk and disorderly" charge, everyone in that city agreed that he had made a poor start for the New Year. He even thought so himself in the hospital, the morning after.

But if success in winning what one wants most of all is any test, they were all wrong. It was a grand idea, though it did not appear that way for some time.

The high-society friends of young, very attractive, proper and formal Miss Emilie Campau Gerhard, as soon as they read of the gilded youth's outrageous behavior, rushed over to congratulate the young lady on having discovered her mistake.

But if success in winning what one wants most of all is any test, they were all wrong. It was a grand idea, though it did not appear that way for some time.

As usual in these bad-news notices, the grounds for calling of the matrimonial deal, though it is the one thing everyone wants to know, was left out. Whatever the original complaint may have been, Mr. Dolan made it seem unimportant by his antics on that night.

The trouble started suddenly, like one of those squalls which Dolan, as an explorer on land and sea, knows are the most dangerous kind. He and a friend, Dean Sage, Jr., of Bernardsville, N. J., were dinner guests at "Stoke Pogo Lodge," the big beautifully appointed home of John Beaver White, noted engineer at Villanova, one of the Philadelphia suburbs. The hostess at this party was Mr. White's debutante daughter, Miss Joan B. White. After dinner, the young people sat in the huge living room and smoked and chatted, with the conventional bored attitude of modern youth.

"I think I'll leave you youngsters for a while," suggested Dolan smilingly. "I'll be back about midnight to pick up Dean."

"O. K.," agreed Sage. "I'll be here." And Dolan left. Where he went matters little. But he was back about midnight and came, and went, and still no Dolan.

Joan eventually climbed upstairs and retired. Dean settled himself more comfortably in the huge room. About an hour later, Dolan came. He was sleepy and a little tipsy. He rang the bell. But Sage was asleep in his chair and the servants and Miss White were all fast. Dolan stood at the door for a moment, shivering slightly in the chill evening breeze. Then the big idea came to him.

He decided he could wait no longer. He planted his right foot through the heavy plate glass of the door. It fell with a shattering shower. One such chunk took a nice little slice of meat out of Dolan's leg. But he didn't even notice it.

Stalking through the opening in the broken pane, he staggered into the living room. Another well-directed kick sent a small table flying. A vase

Mr. Brooks Dolan 2nd, Formerly Miss Emilie Campau Gerhard, Whose Surprising Elopement With the Young Explorer Took Place After the Equally Surprising Breaking of Their First Engagement.

crashed to the floor. A wildly-swinging arm brought a standing lamp to a prone position. Things were moving beautifully.

Dolan warmed up to his task. He kicked, shoved and threw. He shouted and roared as he went along with his wrecking business. Chairs, tables and stands went. The noise and ruin expressed the mood he was in perfectly but they awoke Sage, who was in a different mood.

He tried to argue his friend out of continuance of such devastating procedure. Dolan said he knew what he was doing and kept on doing it. Sage grumbled with him and for a few minutes there was quite a fight. It was too much for Sage, who also got an idea. He picked up a log from the fireplace and let Dolan have it over the head. Down went Dolan, silent, quiet and peaceable.

Immediately Sage was in terror. Never having had any police training, he did not know how hard to apply a piece of wood of given weight to a person's skull so that it would act as an anesthetic but no more. Brooke had told him that his life was just as empty void and that he wished himself dead. But Sage had no desire to be the one to gratify that ambition for

"What did you kill him for?" The voice came from a dainty vision in a filmy nightgown, gazing with round, horrified eyes from the stairs. Dolan, in jaunty duds, also appeared and looked at him accusingly. Sage dropped his log and was trying to remember whether Pennsylvania used the electric chair or the gallows for murderers when the figure on the door opened with a howl and went on with his job of providing work for furniture makers.

"Why don't you stop him?" asked the vision, who was Miss White.

"Call the coppers. They are professional," answered Sage sagely. But the vision pranced daintily right over the splinters of glass on the floor, out the front door into the cold night, in her nightgown, to the house of a neighbor, Mrs. Francis E. Greene. And, within a minute of that time, the telephone rang in the police station of Lower Merion Township.

"Quick," shouted a startled voice,



Devil Dancers of Tibet Whom Mr. Dolan Feared Would Frighten His Bride.

"Send policemen to the home of Mr. White. There is a madman loose in the place."

"He has a fine thick skull," said the surgeon at a hospital where the police took Dolan.

When the case was tried the magistrate fined him \$10 and \$10 costs. Mr. White, who had received an apology and a blank check signed by the multi-millionaire house-wrecker, declined to prosecute. That was all right, but the engagement, already broken, was now quivered as he realized when he read the accounts of his misdoings in the papers.

Dolan went into seclusion for a period in the huge home of his mother, Mrs. Thomas J. Dolan, member of the family that made a towering fortune from the United Gas Improvement Company, one of Philadelphia's big utilities. His mother, usually against his dangerous expeditions into the Arctic and Tibet, this time thought another one might be a nice idea compared to some of his other activities. So, for several months, under the name of the Academy of Natural Sciences, but paying for it himself, he prepared another expedition to Tibet, always an alluring place to Dolan because the Tibetans don't like to be explored and show their sincerity by the generous treatment of uninvited guests.

Just as everything was ready for him to start in a few days, he dropped in to see two of his friends, Miss Mary Highway Stout and Allen Day, married. He did not know that the lost Enlie was a brideless or he might have kept away. As it was they ran into each other and the young lady could not resist asking the young man why he had so disgraced himself. Mr. Dolan explained that phenomenon somewhat as follows. When the engagement was broken it caused the young man to do some serious thinking. He saw that without her, life would be a total loss and the world a cock-eyed place, all wrong. Anything as wrong as that ought to be smashed and had he been able to swing a big enough axe he would have done it then and there. That memorable evening the serious thinking had been reinforced by some serious drinking inspiring him to try to smash it with his bare hands. He had made an impressive start when the police discouraged him.

To some people that night seem a poor excuse but to the only one in the world who mattered, it was thrilling proof of one of those "great loves." However, what about those other things Dolan had done—whatever they were—that caused the engagement to be broken? Oh, well, perhaps life had become so tame and uninteresting in civilized countries that he could not stand it. Right now he was going to Tibet where, unless they watched their steps carefully, interesting things would be done to them.

He told her about the Tibetans' playful treatment of Sven Hedrin, the famous English explorer. The natives made him sit for six days and nights on the back of a wooden horse. He could stand up in the stirrups as long as his muscles held and he did not doze. This was a desirable thing to do because instead of a saddle the horse's back was covered with a multitude of sharp, steel spikes. One of Sven Hedrin's companions watched him from a cave on top of Tibet by himself. "May I go with you?" asked Miss Gerhard. "Of course you are kidding,"



One of the Peculiar Tortures Which the Tibetan Lamas Reserved for Intruders Was the Spiked Horse, the Unfortunate Rider of Which Was Placed in the Stirrups and as Long as He Could Stand Upright He Was Safe, But When Weariness Came Upon Him He Sank Down and Was Impaled on the Sharp Spikes, a Torture Which Is Said to Have Been Undergone by the Famous Explorer, Sven Hedrin. And It Was Perhaps Victims of This Happening to Him While His Bride Struggled, Helplessly Watching Him, That Made Mr. Dolan Send Her Back From Their Honeymoon.

answered Dolan. "But you couldn't go anyhow. It would ruin a respectable girl's reputation to be out in the wilds so long without a chaperone."

"Well, couldn't we be married?"

"Who, me?" The youth's voice reverberated through the church, raising fears that he was about to run amuck again.

"Why don't you ask me?"

When that was all set, another objection arose. He could not bear the thought of his beloved, astride of that horse. That was out. However, as a counter attraction he offered to let her hand the elusive and exclusive giant panda.

"The panda," he explained, "is a sort of huge, overgrown, dressed-up raccoon, and one of the hardest animals in the world to hunt."

Miss Gerhard preferred to be shown those Tibetan romas he had found on a previous expedition, who don't know how to eat or sleep properly and wear hideous masks, but have one quite advanced idea. Upon reaching the age of 45, their children remind them of that fact and tell them to go away and die—and they do it.

Somehow Brooks and Emilie must have compromised because the very next day they were married in that Philadelphia hotel, and sailed for the West Coast, and then by boat to the East, and Tibet.

Miss Joan B. White, Fashionable Philadelphia Society Girl, Who Was to Have Been a Bridemaid at Mr. Dolan's Wedding, and Whose Daring Room Was Wrecked by Him After His Flaming Broke Her Engagement.

That made Mr. Dolan send her back. Once Mr. Dolan thought somebody ought to pursue the horned narval into his far Arctic haunts because nobody seemed to have a specimen of this despoise heavyweight. The narval was not at home when the young explorer called, but Dolan had a lovely thrill while his ship was sheltered in the lee of an iceberg. The berg suddenly fell over almost putting an end to the young man's career.

The Sahara Desert Adam and Eve's Original Home?



Prehistoric Rock Carving in the Desert, Massouda, Sahara, Showing Elephant Hunting in a Region Where This Animal Has Been Unable to Live for Thousands of Years. Photograph by Professor P. Graziosi.

Surprising Relics of Long-Forgotten, Sand-Buried Cities and Lost Races, Indicating That This Once Fertile Garden of Eden May Have Been Where Man Was Evolved and Laid the Keel of Civilization

MANY people who have never seen a desert nor wanted to, have reported themselves strangely moved by the Sahara Exposition at the Museum of Ethnography in Paris.

Perhaps it is not so strange. The great desert, almost as large as the United States, is very likely the place we all came from. Recent discoveries of records of the past, preserved in its waterless wastes, make the Sahara a sort of telescope by which the scientist can look back into prehistory as far as the ice ages and catch glimpses of what man was doing in those dangerous days. Also it gives a warning of the future unless man mends his ways.

Sahara may have been the cradle of the race, the real Garden of Eden where an apellike creature first decided that his hind legs would be enough for getting him around and devoted his front ones entirely to monkeying with things. Its great barren areas were once swart, with rivers and swamps. While Europe was buried under the glacial ice cap, here were mighty forests and rich meadows, a land of plenty where men of the old Stone Age fished and hunted beasts that could hardly live there twenty-four hours today and doubtless were hunted in turn by big carnivores, whose fossil bones are also cherished in the dry sand.

With the passing of the ice ages, this happy hunting ground on earth began to dry out. Droughts came in cycles, and it may have been thus that drove out of the Sahara the successive waves of paleolithic men whose bones and flints have been found in the caves of Europe. But always there remained stay-at-homes who gradually adapted themselves to the new conditions until now one of the rare rainy spells almost ruins them.

Entering historic times, Nature seems to have relented a little. For long centuries much of the present desert was by no means a sea of sand, but fertile enough to support a proud, advanced, "unsubstantial" race which conquering powers as Egypt, Rome and Carthage were glad to let alone. Apparently their descendants are still there, represented by that strange nomadic people, the Tuaregs, whose men wear veils, covering their entire heads, never showing their faces, even to eat or sleep, and whose wives must never see their husbands' faces above the tips of their noses.

The Tuareg ladies, on the other hand, have no shame in this and most other matters, with no obligation to be true to their husbands. Men cannot divorce their wives for infidelity or any other reason, whereas the wives can and do boot their spouses out any time they feel like it. Sufficient grounds in a wife's case is to say that she is tired of her mate.

Both sexes believe in as many devils, spirits, imps and assorted magic as perhaps ever burdened the mind of the cave-man, but the chief devil is Shaitan, the Mohammedan Satan, who happens to be just the opposite of the Christian devil, a spirit with blue eyes, fair hair and light skin. To a Tuareg, blue eyes or any other blond characteristics are a misfortune worse than a club foot and literally "look like the devil." This race of living fossils have

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Remains of the Tomb of Queen Tin-Hinan and a group of Neighboring Tuaregs Who Are Believed to Be Descendants of Her Race. Photographs by Professor Goutier and Heymans. By Courtesy of The Museum of Ethnography, Paris.



Modernistic Drawing of a Four-Horse Chariot of About 6,000 Years Ago, Painted in Ochre on a Rock in the Palm Grove of Oued Djerat, Sahara.

white blood and probably were once blond as the Norsemen. They have grown dark not only to protect themselves against the increasingly hot sun, but also by infusion of negro blood from slaves.

In spite of everything the French Government do they still have those slaves. The chief difficulty in trying to stamp out that institution is the surprising fact that the slaves themselves like the idea, protect from their liberators at the first chance and risk death, fleeing back across the burning sands to their masters. When the French, exasperated at this ungrateful attitude, asked why they did not want to be free, they replied:

"We are freer than our masters, who must sit up nights worrying how to provide us with food, water, shelter, clothing and work."

One of their customs and opinions that have not changed since the cave-man's day is that they still reckon feminine beauty by weight. A Tuareg shirk proves his love for his daughter by stuffing the child until, at the age of marriage, the sonorous maiden can hardly get about. She does not need to, because transportation is provided for the heavy-lidded beauties by a litter and four powerful negro slaves.

The fattest girl in the village would be the one that all the eligible young men would court if men did the courting, which they do not. A man who

let it be known that he had serious intentions about a girl, would be speaking out of turn. No Tuareg would make such a social error.

The women do the courting, that is they decide which young man they want, and go and see his mother about it. In case she has not already divorced the youth's father, that gentleman may or may not be consulted.

The girls pick their husbands by their financial and social standing, prowess at fighting, voice, figure and one thing and another. Of their faces, however, they know nothing, except the eyes which must be dark, the darker the better. Whether he is handsome or hideous is really of no importance, because the bride knows she never will see him except from the nose down.

European and American women on hearing this, want to know what is to prevent a wife from quietly lifting the veil from her husband's face.

The Tuareg ladies are reputed to be as curious as any, but they are also loaded with superstitions which convince them that the most awful calamities would befall any woman who did such an "indecent" thing as to expose her husband's face. Possibly that crime has been committed by an occasional Tuareg husky, but they don't tell about it.

How many great cities have been buried by the shifting sands nobody knows, but signs of them and whole

lost civilizations are continually cropping up. One of the latest and most romantic of these is Queen Tin-Hinan's tomb, found by the three explorers, Eric Lutton, E. F. Goutier and Maurice Heymans. The explorers recovered her jewels and many other interesting relics of her and her Majesty's household, who had to die with her.

Tin-Hinan was a brilliant ruler, a Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth combined, who flourished in the period when the Roman Empire was declining and held her own against the great powers of the world. Her territory included the great Sahara desert not called the Hoggar, and the present Tuaregs are probably descendants of her race. They are believed to have been the remarkable African race of the Garamantes, whose exploits were briefly described by Herodotus, "the Father of History," in the fifth century before Christ.

The Garamantes were said by Herodotus to have been unbeatable. But that was centuries before the day of Queen Tin-Hinan. Therefore a brave and progressive nation must have flourished for an extended period, building palaces and cities, rais-

Rock Picture, Perhaps 30,000 Years Old, Showing an Attack on a Rhinoceros, in the Oued Zizga, Sahara.

ing crops and probably fitting out ships in a region where there is now little but burning sand.

Strange to say, all the pictures of the Garamantes and Queen Tin-Hinan's people showed them masked, headless, or dog-head-

ed, except for one profile of a woman. So they still remain wrapped in mystery.

These masks and the refusal to show the face indicate that then as now the male visage was taboo, and it is significant that the only exception is that of a woman. Today the Tuareg woman veils her face only on formal occasions, such as entertaining an important guest, something like the long skirt of the white woman's evening dress. In prehistoric times, when the Sahara was first begun to scorch the blond ancestors of these people, perhaps they wore the mask merely to prevent sunburn. Later when it was no longer needed by their dark-skinned descendants, their leaders may have found it had a terrifying effect on enemies in battle and embalmed it forever in religious concrete. When the Mohammedans forced their faith on the Tuaregs, there was a conflict with some of the old customs handed down from the blond ancestors. Of course, these blond ideas were officially declared wicked and Satan, representing all that was evil, was logically blotted.

The tomb of Queen Tin-Hinan, now in the absolute desert, shows that a great caravan highway, a bearer of incalculable wealth, passed nearby for hundreds of years down to the Fifth Century A. D. Skillfully made pictures in ochre illustrate the life of the Garamantes, about whom the world only knew that they existed.

The pictures show their infantry and their finely built war chariots, showing they had a highly developed military organization long before the Fifth Century B. C.

In the actual burial chamber the skeleton of the Queen was found on a state bed of leather and wood, in a doubled up position.

The jewels of the dead Queen included many bracelets of gold and silver, proving that the people were skilled metal workers. A copper dagger belonging to a much earlier period, but found not far away, proved they had considerable skill as long as fifteen hundred years before this.

Ancient records refer to the great emeralds of the Garamantes. These were naturally sought eagerly by the explorers, but none have been found. The gems in the tomb were such precious stones as amethyst, agate, chalcidony and cornelian. But the great emeralds may still be in the Sahara.

The tomb was built in a commanding position, dominating the Valley of Oued Abakoum. It probably served as a fortress as well as a tomb. And perhaps the remains of the revered and fascinating Queen served to intimidate enemies of her dividing race for generations after she was surrounded with an arrangement of fourteen smaller tombs belonging to her "husbands" or principal slaves, who were killed with her. These smaller tombs all contained skeletons, but in no case were they well preserved.

Many of them were not bent back in a ritual position like the Queen. Some of them had been bound, others had their limbs stretched out. In one room, at the entrance, there were several well made arrows, showing that these people were skilled in archery, which is not known to their present descendants.

Among the Tuareg precincts, handed down from far beyond Tin-Hinan's day, are the ruins of a great city.

"Never promise more than half you can deliver," says the old proverb. "Never let a creditor, he becomes for you a dried-up well."

In this era of repudiation and rash promises, these precepts sound quaint.

Killed Herself Rather Than Show Her Face

For 40 Years Miss Margaret Keith, Mystery Millionairess, Hid Behind Impenetrable Veils Even While Sleeping, and Then Staged Her Suicide So No One Could See Her Until She Was Dead

Mr. P. M. Woods, Brother-in-Law of Miss Keith, Who Dared to Kiss Her and Received a Check for \$300 in Payment From the Eccentric Lady.

LIKE the historic hero of Dumas' famous story, "The Man in the Iron Mask," the face of Miss Margaret Keith was hidden from human gaze for forty years. It was by her own volition, however. And she killed herself rather than bear the gaze of another human upon it.

It was generally believed that this was due to some shocking disfigurement, but her recent death revealed that this was not correct, and in death her face was covered with a mask, saturated in chloroform.

Dumas' hero was a prisoner who was forced to hide his face. But Margaret was a bright girl of 19, with at least average good looks and an heiress worth over a million dollars, which was left by her father, David Keith, mine owner of Utah, when she made that incredibly unfeminine decision. What astonished everyone most of all is that she seems to have been curiously happy in this strange, self-inflicted seclusion when with her wealth she might have had husbands and admirers galore.

The face-hider was 36 happy that when, at the age of 36, her failing health made it certain she must soon have a nurse who would not only be "backing around" all the time but perhaps might see her face, she preferred to commit suicide, leaving where that she was to be cremated so the "gossip public" would not stare at her.

As far as known, since she was a little child, only one man kissed her and just once. Instead of being angry as was expected, she smiled through her veil, rose from her couch and wrote the kisser a check for \$300—but never gave him another chance. The end of this strange character came with all the mysterious atmosphere of the opening of an Edgar Allan Poe tale.

Dr. J. S. Wood, a physician of Hollywood, California, received a call from a man with weatherbeaten face and toil-worn hands who said he was the gardener of Miss Margaret Keith and, reading from a letter of instructions which he said she had given him early that morning, informed the doctor that he was to call at exactly 4 o'clock that afternoon.

Questioning revealed that the man had never seen the face of the woman he worked for or knew anything about her except that he always got his pay. The whole thing looked too much like a fanciful movie scenario to be real.

Suspecting kidnappers, the doctor had two police detectives send him to the grounds of a palatial mansion and seeing nothing suspicious he dismissed his bodyguard and entered the grounds. The gardener then handed him another letter which instructed him to go into the house alone and proceed to a distant part of it.

Dr. Wood did not see the scene in entering alone a mansion that had originally cost \$300,000, and suggested that the gardener show him the way. But the man insisted that he had been allowed inside and would surely be fired if he violated those orders. Also he did not know whether there were any servants in there or not. "These days" were always coming and going silently as ghosts. The old lady had been away for a year and had only returned a week before.

The physician wished he had his police escort back but he had gone so he took a chance and let the gar-



As the Wandering Doctor Entered the Room, He Saw a Woman Stretched Out Upon a Divan, Masses of Flowers at His Head and Others at His Feet. Over Her Face Was a Towel Wrapped in the Shape of a Cone, an Empty Poison Bottle Lay on the Floor, and a Strong Smell of Chloroform Pervaded the Air—And as He Reached to Lift the Cone, Two Great Black Cats Appeared Behind Him.



Mrs. Etta Keith, Sister of Miss Keith.



The Great Mansion of Miss Keith at Beverly Hills, Which for Forty Years Was Her Self-Made Prison, and the Gates Which Never Opened to Anyone Except a Few Relations and Servants.

lessly stealing in the door, accounting for the two pairs of eyes that had watched him.

Snatching away the towel, Dr. Wood quickly saw that the time for his usefulness had long since passed. The elderly recluse was cold in death. She had died in the midst of the two things she loved most, flowers and music. She had timed her death safely. She left in her farewell note a list of classical compositions that she wanted played as her requiem. As she had also requested fresh flowers were placed by her caretaker and an orchestra was hired to play her favorite selections.

"Please have your lady attendant care for my body," she instructed the undertaker. "I want to be quite sure that I am dead. Please inject an extra amount of formaldehyde into my body. Cover my hands with flowers. When I was alive I always wanted plenty of room, so I do not want to be put in a niche."

For a few days after her death only the main facts of her life came out, although neighbors, perplexed by such behavior asserted all sorts of gossip. One was that her face had been marred by burns and another that she had been disappointed in love, causing her to hide her face from all men. Neither was true.

She was the youngest daughter of David Keith, and upon his death she inherited more than \$1,000,000. From childhood she was timid, and shunned all companions. All efforts of her devoted father and other members of her family to interest her in the life of social gaiety that her position and

wealth afforded came to naught. Her father bestowed every cultural and educational advantage upon her.

On her graduation from St. Mary's Academy in Chicago at the age of nineteen, she returned to her home in Salt Lake City and literally "divorced" herself from everyone. After her father's death she moved to Southern California, buying the two princely estates in Beverly Hills and at Palos Verdes.

Here in these expensive homes behind barred gates and drawn shades she lived her life as she wanted it, provided with every luxury her money could supply, but a pauper in the things she could easily have had and which so many modern women crave. Instead of exhibiting all but a few square inches of her body at the beaches in the daytime, she hid even her face from human gaze. Instead of "throwing wild parties" in her two big mansions or sitting till morning at night clubs, she saw nobody but servants and occasionally on business matters, relatives and others.

However, her surviving relatives maintained a discreet silence about other details until the will was filed revealing that she had left her estate, now shrunken to less than one-half, nearly all to her nephew, Albert Allen, Jr., an Oregon rancher who, like everyone else, had never seen her face.

Other relatives immediately filed a contest on the grounds that Miss Keith was mentally incompetent. The contesting relatives were Mrs. Mary Allen Towle, sister of Allen; Mrs. Etta Keith, sister of David; and Mrs. Alice Keith, sister of David.

She does not seem to have removed her veil even when she slept. If at such times she heard a hoarse in the hall creak, the unbearable suspicion arose that one of the servants had sneaked up and peeped at her. In order to have no doubts, she then always discharged the entire indoor staff and an agency was always ready to supply a whole new crew at a moment's notice. The labor turnover resulted in hiring and firing over 300 servants in about four years.

With her at all times were several cats, not pedigreed, but waits invited in from the streets. A few months before her own death, she gave one of these animals a funeral that cost \$200. For the benefit of these four-footed guests she had swinging doors built just big enough for them to come and go at will, but too small for human intruders. When the servants brought her meals on a tray which was set down in the hall out of sight, she would not touch the food until one of the cats had eaten some. Miss Keith explained that this was not through fear of poison, but "because cats know poisons."

She built swimming pools worthy of the best mansions of Beverly Hills, but neither she nor anyone else ever used them. It was P. M. Woods, her brother-in-law, who testified: "We were leaving for a trip to Europe in 1924," he said. "My wife had just kissed her, and she was smiling on a couch. I leaned over and kissed her—right on the mouth. Instead of being mad, as I half expected, she smiled."

"She got right up, went over to a writing table nearby and wrote me out a check for \$300, but she never gave me a chance to do it again."

In a letter written by her in 1921 to Charles V. Hatter, a detective employed by her, she expressed her opinion of the opposite sex in no uncertain terms. "I'm just about as mysterious as an onion," she wrote. "I'm not even a man hater. I like to talk to men because they have brains, but I think the Amosons had the right idea. They made all of the men stay out in the shed with the cattle."

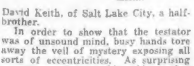
Mrs. Towle, one of the contestants, said that once when she brought a letter from an astrologer prophesying that Miss Keith would be married to a rich man in a couple of years, the recluse was so furious that she chased her from the house with a gun.

Once when the food tray tasted extra good, she sent the negro maid who had cooked it \$1,000 and bought a nurse. She also gave a nurse \$10,000 for handling her a bunch of violets, though relatives later succeeded in recouping half of it.

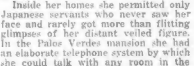
In spite of such evident striving for privacy and the fact that she was living in a 20-room house, the veiled recluse actually occupied for herself only the front hall, perhaps so she would be prepared to escape out the door or retreat deeper into the house.

Intending to do these strange acts, contradicted by evidence that she seemed to know what she was about, were unable to agree and so settled out of Court.

Albert C. Allen, Jr., the Oregon Rancher, Who Inherited the Fortune of His Late Aunt, Miss Margaret Keith.



David Keith, of Salt Lake City, a half-brother.



Inside her homes she permitted only Japanese servants who never saw her face and rarely got more than fleeting glimpses of her distant veiled figure. In the Palos Verdes mansion she had an elaborate telephone system by which she could talk with any room in the house.

She does not seem to have removed her veil even when she slept. If at such times she heard a hoarse in the hall creak, the unbearable suspicion arose that one of the servants had sneaked up and peeped at her. In order to have no doubts, she then always discharged the entire indoor staff and an agency was always ready to supply a whole new crew at a moment's notice. The labor turnover resulted in hiring and firing over 300 servants in about four years.

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**THE HOUSE OF COLGATE MAKES ITS MOST
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT IN 128 YEARS !**

Cashmere Bouquet

**THE ARISTOCRAT
OF FINE SOAPS**

NOW ONLY

10¢

the **FORMER 25¢ SIZE**



She AND THIS WHISPERING
FRAGRANCE... HE LINKED THEM
TOGETHER *always*

So faint, so elusive... a fragrance that haunted his
memories of her... a fragrance inseparable from the
sweet daintiness of her own adorable self... the
lovely, lingering perfume of Cashmere Bouquet!

AN ASSOCIATION of loveliness and dainti-
ness, has always clung about Cashmere
Bouquet, the Aristocrat of All Fine Soaps.

It has been treasured by generations of
women... for its enchanting fragrance and

its superlative purity... for the matchless
complexion care that only a soap so won-
derfully pure and fine can give.

Yet—today Colgate offers you this mar-
velous scented soap for only 10 cents a cake!

And you will find it *exactly* the same ex-
quisite soap for which women have always
gladly paid 25 cents a cake. The same size,
the same supreme quality. Scented with
the same costly perfume—the blended fra-
grance of 17 exquisite scents. Made of the
same fine ingredients. Hard-milled—so that
each creamy white cake lasts and lasts...
right down to a paper-thin wafer.

And now three cakes of this lovely soap
cost only slightly more than the former
price of one! Now you can afford to use
Cashmere Bouquet as lavishly as you wish
... for your bath, as well as your complexion
care. Surely you will want to buy at least
three cakes... Why not get them today?



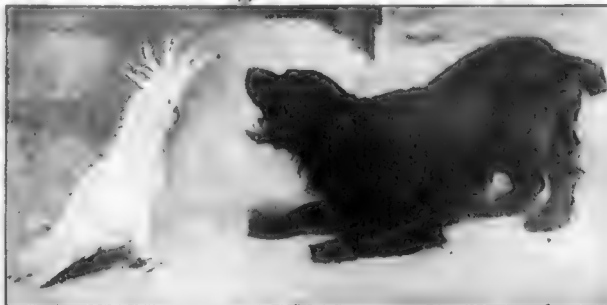
...The Fragrance of an Old Fashioned Garden

Animals Caught Unawares by the Camera



Getting Acquainted.

"You don't smell like a dog!"
"And you don't smell like a nice sheep!"



Settling an Argument.
"For dog's sake, can't you understand?"
"Not when you talk so loud!"

CIRCUSES of the world spend thousands of dollars every year for their animal acts. A good trainer can almost name his own salary, and a good animal stunt is a sure-fire hit with the American audience. But some of the most amusing of all animal stunts are not the staged events of the circus, but the impromptu, often amusing acts of household pets who are not even aware that they are being watched.

On the pages of unusual animal photographs, taken when the subjects were so busily engaged in their own doings that they paid no attention to the camera, the photographs have managed to catch a number of these unstaged "acts."

"You don't smell like a dog." There may be the beginning of a friendship here between the timid little lamb, and the inquisitive black spaniel, but both of them seem to believe in the old adage "look before you leap," and they are also taking a precautionary sniff while they are at it. Without that sniff the lamb might have mistaken the dog for the black sheep of the family.

Settling an argument, with the spaniel, Mike, seeming to have all the best of it over the cockatoo, Ike. Whatever it is that Mike is telling him, he certainly is telling him. And Ike, with an injured expression seems to be wondering "How can you say such things?" But Mike might have been smarter if he had put a foot or two more distance between him and the cockatoo's beak, because Ike may get pained if he keeps up.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, New Year's dinner is served, horse-boys and horse-girls!" Old Gray Boy, a former war-horse, is a pensioner in a home for old horses at Cricklewood, in England, and when the special New Year's dinner served at the home didn't arrive on time he decided to do something about it. Gray Boy got such prompt action in response to his imperative summons, that he formed a habit of ringing the bell every time he wanted anything and eventually he had to be moved to another part of the stable where the bell rope was not so handy.

Pete, the fox-terrier, is looking for trouble, and doesn't care who knows it. But Mr. Rooster doesn't seem either excited, or frightened by his hanging opponent, and Pete will probably have used of all the footwork he is displaying when the old feathered bantam contemplates to take notice of his challenge, for the rooster's beak is long and sharp, and his spurs make good weapons, too.

"Here's a fire, gotta put it out!" Boso is the world's only known canine fire fighter, and he learned

the trick by himself. The Bostonian pup, aged ten months, learned to fight fires when he was only six months old. The first time he was called out to fight a fire, he was only six months old. The first time he was called out to fight a fire, he was only six months old. The first time he was called out to fight a fire, he was only six months old.

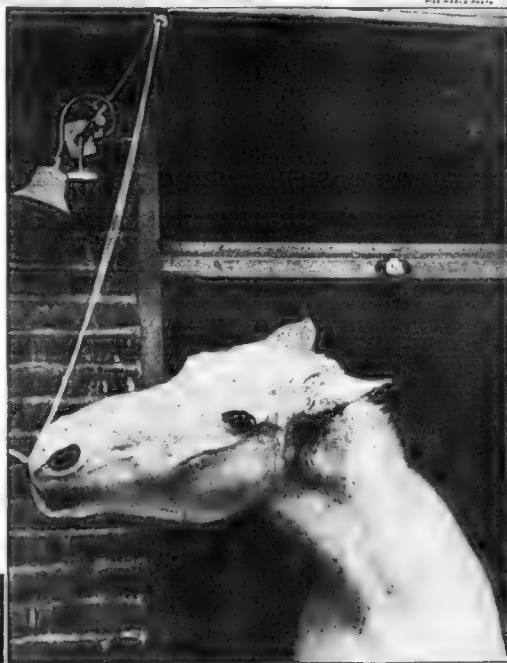
"Sweetest little feller, everybody knows—" Mama Full-terrier gazes with adoring eyes downward at the little morsel of life held protectively between her forelegs. The mother love instinct of animals is well known. They wrens have faced the flashing claws of marauding cats in defense of their young, and enraged hens have put up a fight when the heads of their chicks were endangered. But few photographs have ever been taken which show so well the poignant love of a mother dog for her pup. And as for the bright-eyed, playful little pup, he seems well satisfied to "love" close to his mother.

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home—" so runs the old Mother Goose rhyme. Here are four little pigs, but which one went to market?

But one little pig stayed at home.

And is he glum? Or maybe the fourth little pig has heard of the big bad wolf. At any rate, he certainly looks out of place among his brothers and sisters in this piglet picture because they seem to be laughing right out loud.

"Darling! What a kiss." No drama is really complete without a final kiss in the fadeout which is supposed to assure the audience that the hero and the heroine will live happily ever after, and here kitty and her doggy boy friend are caught in an amorous mood. Notice how kitty closes her eyes! It's the latest technique of stage and screen. Dogs and cats are supposed to be natural enemies—but not this pair of sweethearts!



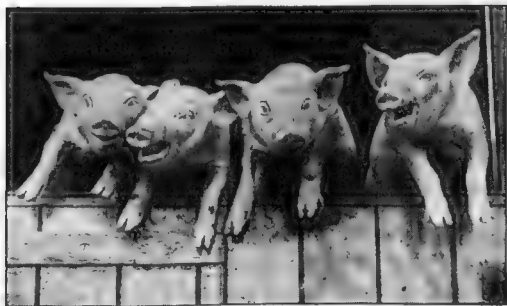
"Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong! New Year's Dinner Is on the Table! Come a-Running, Horse-Boys and Horse-Girls!"



"Come on and Fight, Old Fuss and Feathers!"



"Here's a Fire—Gotta Put It Out!"



"This Little Pig Went to Market!"—Which One Was It?



"Mama's Looking After You, Baby!"



"Darling! What a Kiss!"

Millions robbed of really white teeth



Golf Champion—F.F.I.
—Popular. A man's smile like many people, his was dull-white in spite of regular brushing. An old-fashioned, slow-cleansing tooth paste was to blame.



Banker—B.B.Y.—Officer of large bank. Well-known clubman. Appearance marred by dull-white teeth. Slow-cleansing tooth pastes had robbed his teeth of their natural whiteness and lustre.



Society girl—A.F.C.
—Charming, in her twenties. But her teeth were not really white—only dull-white. For years she had been using old-fashioned, slow-cleansing tooth pastes.

by old-fashioned
slow-cleansing tooth pastes



10 months dentists find unseen deposits that masquerade as enamel and rob teeth of their natural whiteness. Old-fashioned, slow-cleansing tooth pastes frequently fail to remove these deposits completely, leave teeth dull-white, unattractive.

SPECIAL MONEY-BACK OFFER!

2 big 25c
tubes
and trial tube
ALL FOR

33¢



Try it at our expense!

For a short time only a remarkable money-back offer to reassure you that Dr. West's new Double-Quick Tooth Paste makes teeth really white—cleans far more quickly with complete safety.

Use the Trial Offer Package—1 trial tube, 2 full-size tubes—for only 33¢. Use the small trial tube first. If you're not completely satisfied, return the two full-size tubes and get your money back!

LOOK FOR THIS RED CIRCLE SIGN

You can get this offer only in stores where this sign is displayed

DR. WEST'S new *Double-Quick* Tooth Paste sweeps country

One reason dull-white teeth are so common, brilliant-white teeth so rare, is now known. In 8 out of 10 months dentists find unseen deposits that rob teeth of their natural whiteness and lustre. Old-fashioned, slow-cleansing tooth pastes are often to blame. They are only partially effective in removing these deposits. Don't waste time with them.

A remarkable new tooth paste has been perfected by the makers of Dr. West's famous toothbrush. It cleans double-quick, yet cannot scratch tooth enamel.

Laboratory tests prove that Dr. West's new Double-Quick Tooth Paste cleans over twice as fast as some leading tooth pastes, nearly

twice as fast as the average. Two special polishing agents are combined in a new way in Dr. West's Double-Quick Tooth Paste, each one far softer than tooth enamel.

In less than a year, Dr. West's Double-Quick Tooth Paste has swept the country! Today, in many large cities of America, it is the largest selling tooth paste.

Thousands of people have found the secret of brilliant-white teeth in Dr. West's Double-Quick Tooth Paste. That's why we want you to try it—at our expense. For a short time only, you can get this Trial Offer Package at any of the leading stores in your community. If you want brilliant-white teeth, act today!



Ask here for
Trial Offer Package

Dr. West's *Double-Quick* TOOTH PASTE

CLEANS OVER TWICE AS FAST AS SOME LEADING TOOTH PASTES . . . NEARLY TWICE AS FAST AS THE AVERAGE . . . CANNOT SCRATCH ENAMEL

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When HE looks at YOU like that ...

BE SURE YOUR COMPLEXION IS

MIRROR FRESH

WHEN a Most Important Young Man has eyes for only you—are you sure of your complexion? Will you reach for your puff every half hour, or will your face stay as smooth and fresh, as free from shine, as the moment you turned from your mirror?

You needn't worry, lovely lady, if you have taken care to select the face powder that stays on ... if you have discovered the comfort of Richard Hudnut's *Marvelous* Face Powder. *Marvelous* Face Powder contains a remarkable new ingredient that makes it cling longer than you ever believed possible. This powder—and you can time it yourself—actually stays on from four to six hours. Through a whole evening of dining, dancing, driving—your face remains petal-smooth, perfectly groomed.

Marvelous Face Powder is the result of years of experiment in the Richard Hudnut Laboratories—years of searching for a new, better way to make

powder cling. It contains a substance never before used in face powder, a substance that makes it cling like part of your own skin texture. It clings without clogging the pores—because *Marvelous* Face Powder is super-sifted, as light and fine a powder as science can make. The fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as the maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

You have only to try this extraordinary powder on your own face to be convinced. And you may do so absolutely free. We are so sure you will be delighted that we will send you free trial packages of *Marvelous* Face Powder in the four most popular shades. (Note coupon.)

Or, if you'd rather not wait for the postman, you can buy a box of *Marvelous* right away, at any drug store or department store. The price is keyed to today's pocketbook—only 55¢ for a full-size box. Ask for *Marvelous* Face Powder ... and see for yourself how *marvelous* it really is!

New Discovery
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON
FROM 4 to 6 HOURS < by actual test >

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢

OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS

MARVELOUS LIQUEFYING CREAM · TISSUE CREAM
FOUNDATION CREAM · HAND CREAM
KIN FRESHENER · ROUGE · LIPSTICK · EYE SHADOW
LASH COSMETIC · MANICURE PREPARATIONS
DUSTING POWDER · ONLY 55¢ EACH



Free

Four trial packages of *Marvelous* Face Powder, in the four most popular shades—also *Marvelous* Make-up Guide, with authentic information on correct combinations of powder, rouge, lipstick

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, free and postpaid, trial packages of
· *Marvelous* Face Powder and *Marvelous* Make-up Guide.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Skillful Color *Ensemble* give these Bedrooms their appealing Charm

THE NEW COLORS OF CHATHAM BLANKETS REPRESENT THE BEST TASTE OF THE NEW DECORATIVE VOGUE. SELECTED BY A WELL KNOWN STYLIST, THEY HARMONIZE WITH THE LATEST IN FABRICS, WALL AND FLOOR COVERINGS.

Mrs. J. Nelson Reed chooses a cool green Chatham Blanket for her room, harmonizing Early American furniture, rug, and wall paper. The room is harmonized with yellow willow and maple furniture.



Mrs. Philip Boyer of Manchester, N. H., finds a Chatham Blanket the perfect color for her room, and the delightful light color of the room will be beautifully harmonized.



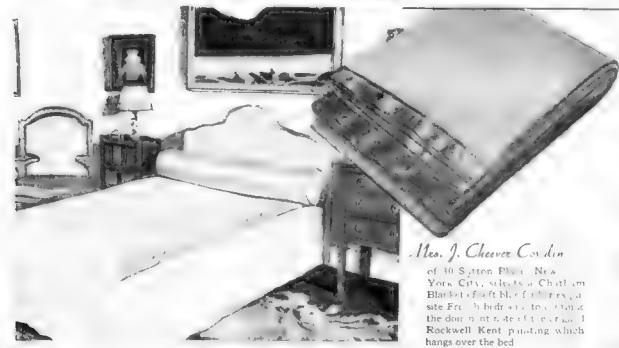
Mrs. J. Freeman Smith of Berwyn, Penna., selects a lovely orchid Chatham Blanket for her Colonial bedroom, to express the delightful character of that period, and to blend with a beautiful old plum satin chair.



Mrs. Stanley R. Slope of her bedroom in New York City, selects a Chatham Blanket of a color which harmonizes with the room's decor, and the delightful color of the room will be beautifully harmonized.



Mrs. J. Cheever Corbin of 10 St. John Place, New York City, selects a Chatham Blanket of a color which harmonizes with the room's decor, and the delightful color of the room will be beautifully harmonized.



THESE LEADING STORES ARE OFFERING A SPECIAL CHATHAM BLANKET VALUE THIS WEEK!

JORDAN, MARSH CO.—BOSTON—C. F. HOVEY CO.

CONNECTICUT
South Manchester—The J. W. Hale Co.

MAINE
Portland—Porteous, Mitchell &
Brun Co.
Rumford—C. H. McKenzie Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Adams—Edwin P. Shea
Attitash—London's Dept. Store
Beverly—Beverly Shop
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Cambridge—Harvard Co-operative
Society
Chelsea—Max Berg, Inc.
Fall River—B. A. McWhir Co.
Fitchburg—Parke-Snow, Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS
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Store
Gardner—Goodnow, Pearson Co.
Holyoke—McAuliffe & Wakelin Co.
Hudson—James J. Wallace
Lawrence—A. B. Sutherland Co.
Leominster—Nickerson Dry Goods Co.
Lowell—A. G. Pollard Co.
Lynn—Goddard Brothers
Malden—F. N. Joslin Co.
Marlboro—Wm. A. Allen Co.
Millis—Charles E. Cooney
New Bedford—New Bedford Dry
Goods Co.
Newburyport—Osgood & Goodwin
North Adams—The Boston Store
Northampton—Hill Bros.
Pittsfield—Holden & Stone Co.
Plymouth—Buttner Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Revere—Broadway Dep't Store
Roxbury—Timothy Smith Co.
Salem—Almy Bigelow & Washburn
Somerville—Parke-Snow, Inc.
Southbridge—The Edwards Co.
Springfield—A. Steiger Co.
Waltham—Parke-Snow, Inc.
Ware—A. Bryson Co.
Westfield—Doyle & Smith
Woburn—Morris L. Zimble
Worcester—Danholm & McKay Co.
Worcester—John C. MacInnes Co.
Worcester—Barnard, Sumner & Putnam

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Littleton—MacLeod's Dep't Store
Manchester—James W. Hill Co.
Portsmouth—Daniel Barwick
Portsmouth—George B. Franch Co.
RHOE ISLAND
Newport—King-McLeod Co.
Providence—Callender, McAuliffe &
Troupe
Woonsocket—McCarthy Dry Goods Co.
VERMONT
Barre—Homer Fitts Co.
Bellows Falls—Goodnow, Jewett &
Pillsbury
Brattleboro—Goodnow, Pearson &
Hunt
Burlington—Abernathy-Clarkson-Wright
Montpelier—Mitchell's
St. Albans—Wm. Deakin Co.
St. Johnsbury—Waterman's, Inc.

Here is an outstanding value!

The utmost in blanket comfort, durability and beauty at a very special price . . . \$5.00. A new and excellent construction . . . lighter, warmer, stronger. A special long-wearing binding of lustrous, luxurious "Duraloom." Seven exquisite shades selected by a famous stylist . . . rose, blue, green, peach, orchid, beige, mahogany. Double bed size, 70x80. (If you prefer 72x84 size, this is also available, priced at \$5.95.)

These stores will be glad to give you, free, a new Chatham booklet "Color . . . and its importance in decorating the Bedroom." Ask for it.

"AIRLOOM SPECIAL"

\$5.00

CHATHAM BLANKETS

Would You Spend 5 Minutes Of Your Time To Win \$7,500?

**FOLKS! LOOK
AT THESE
500 CASH PRIZES!**

2nd . . .	\$1,000.00
3rd . . .	500.00
4th . . .	250.00
5th . . .	100.00
6th . . .	75.00
7th . . .	50.00
8th . . .	20.00
9th . . .	10.00
10th . . .	5.00
11th to 500th incl. . .	1.00
Total . . .	\$10,000.00

\$10,000.00

IN REAL CASH GIVEN

FREE

**FOR WRITING LAST LINES TO
THE LIMERICK ON THIS PAGE**

**C'MON FOLKS—GET
IN ON THIS SIMPLE
BUT THRILLING
GOLD MEDAL
LIMERICK CONTEST**

All you do to finish this unfinished limerick is give your idea of a suitable ending. Did the bride switch to Gold Medal? Did she stop wasting tears and money? Did her mother tell her why to switch to Gold Medal? Did her cakes and pies cease to be like lead? Did she save money? Did her husband like her desserts better? Think up a possible last line and send it in to win a big cash prize today.

CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT, OCTOBER 31ST — ACT NOW — USE ENTRY BLANK BELOW

Purpose of Contest To Demonstrate To The Women of America Why GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour Is Often More Economical Even If You Could Buy Flour Costing But ½ As Much

How, Even On A Single Baking, A Penny Or Two More Spent For Gold Medal Can Save You Up To A Dollar Or More!

This sensational opportunity for you to win up to \$7,500 cash is offered solely for one reason. To induce you to test in your own home the far simpler and far more truly economical way to baking success that GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour brings.

How GOLD MEDAL makes baking easier, more truly economical, is illustrated perfectly in this letter from Mrs. Ivan Dennis of Parsons, Kansas, who after trying a cheaper flour, wrote Betty Crocker:

"In these hard times of cut salaries, I thought I would try a cheaper flour than GOLD MEDAL, but I have had such failures that I'll never risk it again without the perfect flour. The most awful thing to happen is when you make a cake you take pride in and have it fail. That happened with my Brown-eyed Susan Cake. The cost of the ingredients alone was 76c and my time and fuel must have cost at least 30c more. So you can see that it isn't wise to save pennies on flour."

So, here is your opportunity not only to win \$7,500 cash or any one of 499 other cash prizes, but also to discover this far more economical way of baking. Act now! Write down a last line for this limerick and send it in at once!

**WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

**FREE
SILVERWARE
FOR
Coupon Inside Sacks**

GOLD MEDAL'S EXTRA VALUES:
Free Silverware... Free Recipes

Save Silverware Coupon on Back of Recipe Folder Inside Sack: 1 coupon in sack up to 10-lb.; 2 in 10-lb. to 12-lb.; 4 in 24½-lb.; 10 in 49-lb. and larger size sacks.

(Use Entry Blank Below)

**A Bride to Her Mother Once Said
That Her Pies and Her Cakes Were Like Lead—
"Don't Waste Tears and Money,
Switch to Gold Medal, Honey**



**DON'T THINK
YOU CAN'T WIN**

**Thinking She
Couldn't Win
Almost Lost
Her \$7,000!**



Mrs. Coyle, of Wellston, Ohio, Winner of Recent Gold Medal Silverware Naming Contest, Almost Threw Her Opportunity to Win \$7,000 in The Waste Paper Basket Because She Thought She Couldn't Win. But, as she wrote afterwards—"I had no idea of winning the prize because I thought the name I had chosen was too simple. But 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained,' so I decided to send it in anyway."

The 5 Minutes You Invest Writing a Last Line for this Limerick May Repay You \$7,500 or \$1,500 a Minute! The Least You Can Win is \$1.00. In Justice to Yourself Let Nothing Prevent You from Taking Advantage of This Opportunity.

When you want a delicious cake or pastry, or any kind of bread, remember the *easiest* way of all is to order it from your grocer or your baker direct. Your baker today, with truly professional skill, transforms wheat, our outstanding energy food, into delicious, nutritious foods for your table. Abundant energy, such as these baked wheat foods give, is essential to Vitality. Thus, your baker provides your family with "BREAD ENERGY FOR VITALITY!"

HOW TO WRITE LAST LINES THAT WIN PRIZES



1 As the first four lines of the limerick point out, the bride got into trouble baking her pies and cakes. Then her mother told her to switch to Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour. Presumably because "Kitchen-testing" banishes failures in baking. What happened? Did the bride cry any more? Did she lose money any more? Did her husband start paying her compliments? Just make the last word in your last line time with the last word in the first two lines. For example: And then you'll be happily wed."

2 The main point to keep in mind is to try and make the last line keep to the sense of the limerick. One

good way is to first write down all the words you can think of that run with "said," such as "mused" or "wed," and then pick out the ones which seem to make sense, and build last lines around them.

3 Remember, all you do to supply the last line. You don't have to be a "poet" to win the big \$7,500 first prize. Even Shakespeare wouldn't have a better chance than you have here. We want "common sense" last lines. Not "poetry." Take 5 minutes—write your last line in the entry blank below—and don't fail to send it in.

**ENTRY
BLANK**

**3c For A Stamp To Mail This May Bring You \$7,500 Cash
Remember—"Nothing Ventured—Nothing Gained"**

Directions For Winning Any One of 500 Cash Prizes

There are several clues to good last lines in the story about GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour printed at the left. Also read "How To Write Last Lines That Win Prizes" above. Then simply do these 3 things:

1. Write a last line for the limerick printed in the entry blank at right.
2. Buy a sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour and get a sales slip or receipt showing your purchase. Fill this to the entry blank. If more than one last line is submitted, you may write it on a separate piece of paper. An additional sales slip showing purchase of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour must be sent with EACH additional last line entered.
3. Write or print your name and full address in the space provided in the entry blank.

RULES: The envelope containing your

entry must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1934. Send immediately to facilitate early judging. The judges' decisions in all matters pertaining to the contest are to be considered as final by all contestants. The judges are: Julia Bliss Joyner, Food Editor, Editorial Review; Mildred Madocks Bentley, Director, Delineator Institute; Lloyd D. Herold, Professor of Advertising, Northwestern University.

Winners hereby permit use of winning last lines and their own names and addresses in radio and/or printed advertising. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes. No entries returned. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

No employees of General Mills, nor members of their families, nor their advertising agencies are eligible to enter.

MAIL PROMPTLY TO

BETTY CROCKER, Desk AW-10-14 Gold Medal Flour, Minneapolis, Minn.

**A Bride To Her Mother Once Said
That Her Pies And Her Cakes Were Like Lead—
"Don't Waste Tears and Money,
Switch to Gold Medal, Honey**

(Print the last line you want to win here)

I have printed on the line above the last line I want to enter in the Gold Medal Flour Limerick Contest. Below is my own name and address. Also, attached is sales slip from my grocer showing my purchase of a sack* of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

Please check: Are You A New ☐ User, or An Old ☐ User of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour. What Brand Did You Use Before?

Name

Street or R. F. D. No.

City or Town

State

*No special size—simply buy whatever size you usually buy.)

Contest limited to the continental limits of the United States.

(Continued from Page 24)

TEA & FERRING, Inc.
Dept. R-9 241 West 8th St. N.Y.C.
Please send me free your
recipebook, "Success in Success"
Name
Address
City State

... and his DAD
never misses a day
from the office!



SCOTT'S EMULSION

For Sale by your Druggist

CHAPTER XXII

The Drake Attack.

Then suddenly a head was
above the sun and now

As the Canoe Beached and You and the Girl Stepped Out There Was No Sign of Any Hostile Move

"Again! First you fools!" He had no doubt the slip ups would come on again, so, setting the lantern down, he ignited it, and, with a sage nod, stepped over to the griddle slip ups again. The charcoal was poor, and one of the canoes shot forward out of the rack. He was not about to let the slip of the thing in his hand in the flame of the lantern — he stood up quickly with it and held raising with that attitude.

The slaves, into which the charge had been dropped had disappeared. Of the half score of Dyaks who had formed the crew only two were left, and they, mad with fear, and utterly unversed and bewildered were swimming in the sea, like mice in a pail, uttering whimpering cries.

The other canoes were already sheering off in alarm, and a volley from the Malays made them scatter in all directions.

He wouldn't," he answered under his breath.

"[The boat] ate at it as if it were a nut. In about half an hour or two he could have been up at the shore, but he was afraid to get on the beach to land the tops by the way." "You've got to let me see what you can do with them. Then he

Now - if you've
you, send his name with \$1.
to Johnston's Chocolates,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued on Page 26)

Fresh?—SEE FOR YOURSELF!



“When you’re raising a family on

\$25 a week

...you can't afford baking failures."

*"When I put good materials
into a cake, believe me I use
Royal Baking Powder."*

(An intimate chat with Mrs. J. W. Norton,
of Cleveland, Ohio)

INDIAN can't help it, food prices rising so fast that they amount to a food strike for people like Mr. and Mrs. Natchez.

"I can't afford to take chances with my baking powder," says Mrs. Norton. "It is the only one that I'm using, and you can't tell the difference. It makes all the difference in the way it is the flavor and texture of cakes and breads."

"Besides, when I put excess yeast butter, eggs and milk into a cake, I want to know they won't be wasted. A baking failure is a serious matter when you have so little to spend for food."

"I can't afford to take chances with my baking powder," says Mrs. Norton. "It is the only one that I'm using, and you can't tell the difference. It makes all the difference in the way it is the flavor and texture of cakes and breads."

[illegible]

Remember when... King powder, how little it costs to use the best—Roval. The price is now the lowest in seventeen years.

● "My husband loves to fuss around the kitchen and he's a good cook, too. He agrees with me that nothing can beat Royal Baking Powder for giving a fine flavor and velvety texture."

● "Our food budget of only ten dollars per week for six people certainly will not allow for any expensive baking failures."

FREE COOK BOOK—Mail the coupon today for your copy of the new Royal Cook Book to use when you bake at home.

Watch for your baker's Weekly "Specials"

WHEN you bake at home, make sure of success and delicious flavor by using Royal Baking Powder for your cakes and hot breads.

But don't forget that you can rely on your baker for delicious coffee cakes, Parker House rolls, crisp dinner rolls, cinnamon buns and other goodies to lend variety to your household's needs and wishes. With trained skill and the best scientific equipment, the modern bakery offers a wider and ever-increasing service to the home.

FREE COOK BOOK
of the new Royal Co



Royal Borden
Div.
P.O. Box 100
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

Printed in the U.S.A. by the American Book Company, New York, N.Y.

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200-2-1 Bldg. 31, 1000-1, Fraser Ave., Toronto 4, Ont.

Coca-Cola presents

TINGLING BUOYANCY

*at the
soda fountain*



Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

5¢

Buoyancy! It's in every dictionary and at every soda fountain. Tingling buoyancy is what steals over you as you drink an ice-cold Coca-Cola — a sense of refreshment — lighter spirits — more get-up-and-go. Yes sir, you can pronounce buoyancy several ways, but the best way to say it — and have it — is, "Give me a Coca Cola."



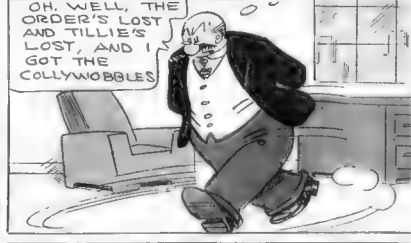
You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.

THE VAN SWAGGERS

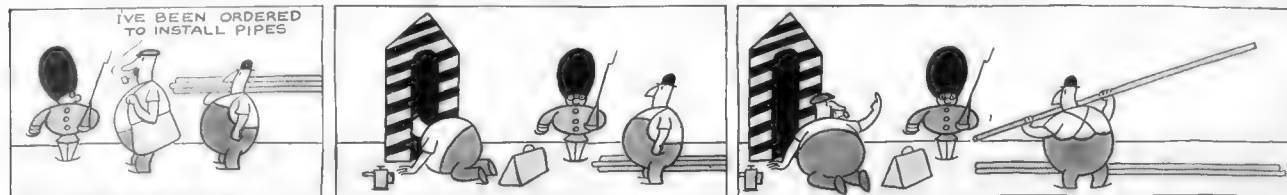
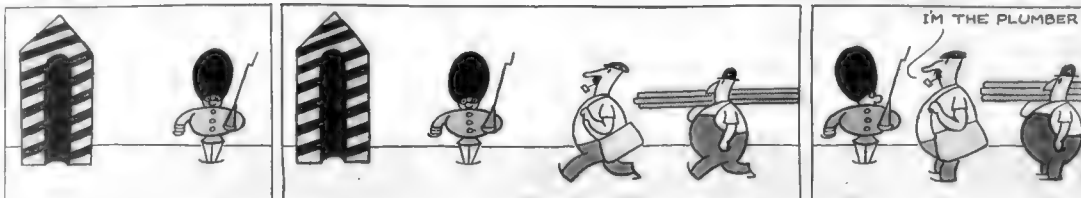
By RUSS WESTOVER



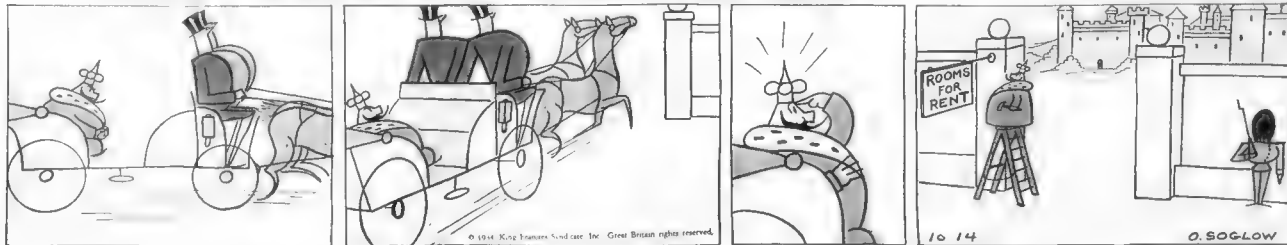
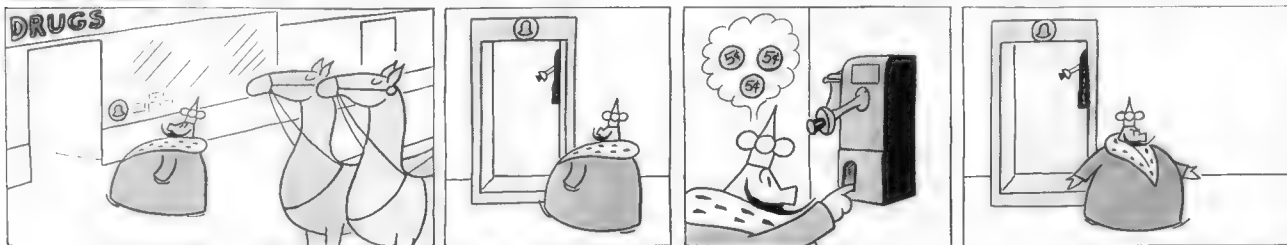
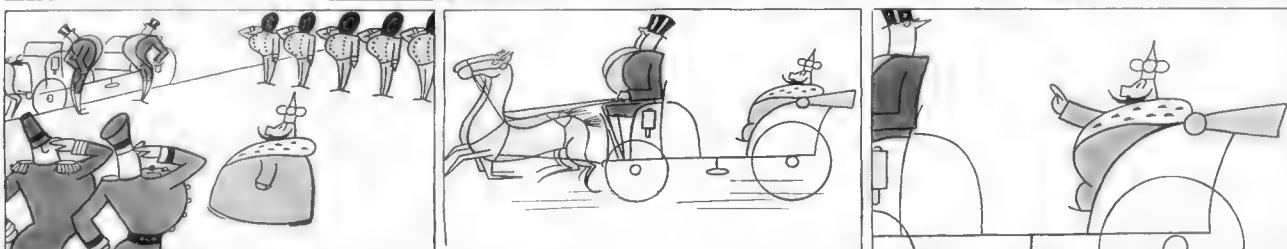
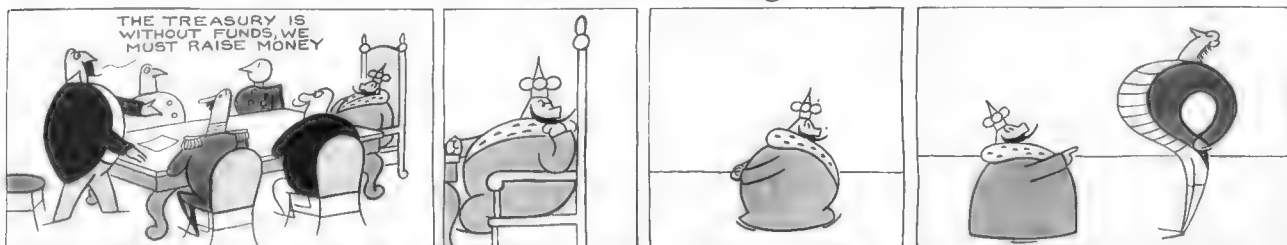
Tillie the Toiler

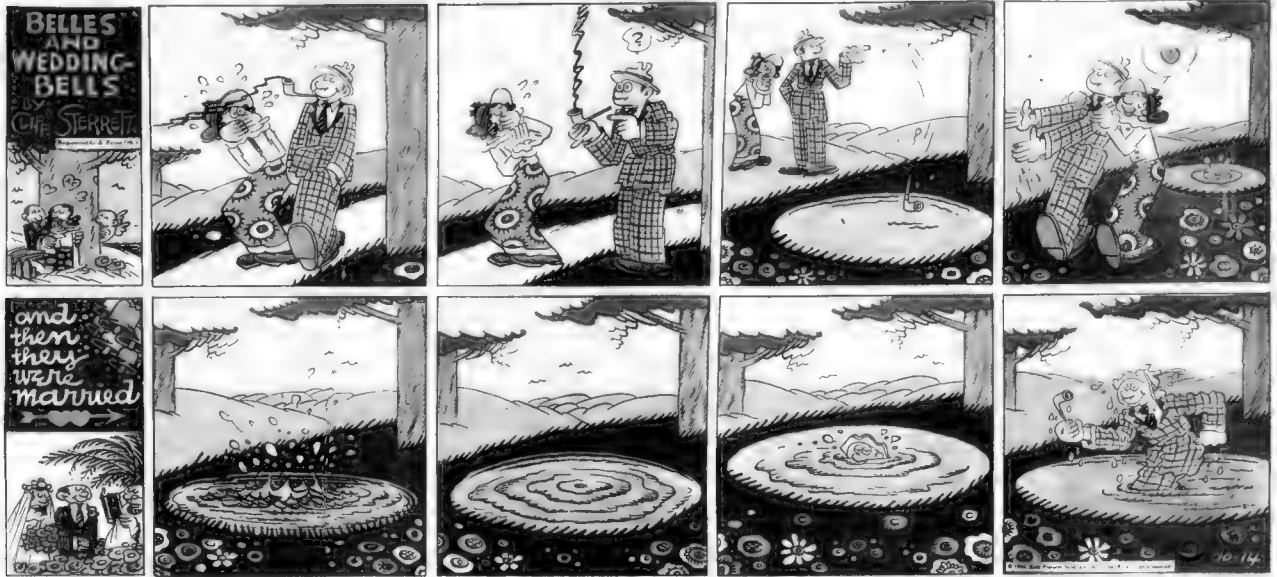


**SENTINEL
LOUIE**
by O. SOGLOW

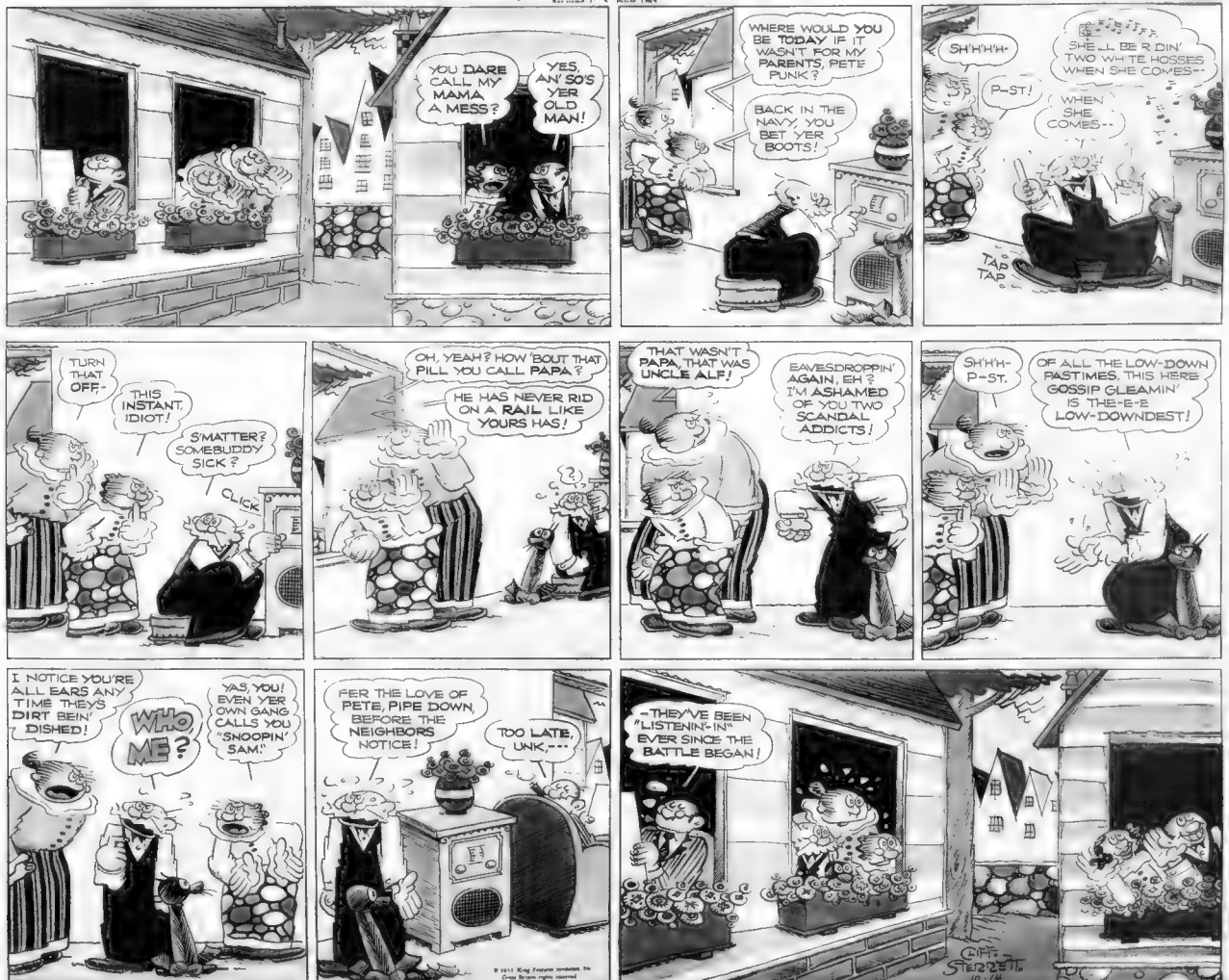


The Little King





Polly and Her Pals





Skippy



Mickey Mouse

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1934



Way Out West



IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!
by JIMMY MURPHY

I'M GOING AROUND TO THE CIGAR STORE TO BUY ME SOME TOBACCY, MAMA!

PAPA, IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE I WISH YOU'D DROP IN AT THE BUTCHERS AND BRING A STEAK FOR DINNER!

HERE IS 'LOVELY ELSIE', AND TWO COSTUMES OF THE EARLY COLONIAL DAYS AMERICA.

ANOTHER COSTUME CUT-OUT NEXT WEEK!

SEND BACK ON DOTTED LINE

JIMMY MURPHY

POP! BY YOUR WAY I WISH YOU'D STOP INTO THE HATSTORE AND BUY ME A BLACK BOW-TIE TO WEAR WITH MY TUX TONIGHT!

PAPA, PLEASE STOP AT THE DRUG-STORE, TOO, AND BRING ME SOME FINGER-NAIL POLISH!

AND, PAPA! STOP AT THE HARDWARE STORE AND GET THE ELECTRIC IRON THAT I LEFT THERE TO BE REPAIRED!

PAPA--- BE SURE TO BRING SOME ICE CREAM FOR DINNER, TOO!

PAPA, DON'T FORGET TO BRING ME A NEW TUBE FOR MY RAID!

NEXT TIME I TELL THEM WHEN I'M GOING ON AN ERRAND THEY'LL KNOW IT--- THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND A TRUCK-HORSE IS I DON'T WEAR HARNESS!

Toots and Casper

TOOTS I NEVER KNEW WHAT REAL HAPPINESS WAS UNTIL I FOUND ELSIE!

AND I'M SO HAPPY, TOO, EVERETT DEAR! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME NOW I'M GOING TO PICK SOME FLOWERS FOR THE DINNER TABLE!

DON'T BE LONG, ELSIE BECAUSE UNCLE EVERETT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO BE OUT OF HIS SIGHT FOR MORE THAN TWO SECONDS AT A TIME!

SAY, WHEN IS ROGER KAILERTON GOING TO MARRY?

STELLA CLINKER TOOTS?

I EXPECTED THEY'D BE MARRIED BY NOW, ABNER, BUT THEY HAVEN'T MENTIONED THE SUBJECT IN THE LAST FEW DAYS!

I CAME TO PRAIRIE JUNCTION TO WITNESS A WEDDING, BUT I CAN'T STICK AROUND FOREVER--YESTERDAY I TOLD ROGER I'D ORDER A MINISTER FOR HIM, BUT HE SAID NOT TO BOTHER ABOUT IT JUST YET!

I'M GOING OVER TO ROGER'S AND FIND OUT WHAT'S THE DELAY-- MAYBE HE CAN'T GET STELLA TO SET THE DATE!

THAT'S RIGHT, ABNER! YOU GO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT AND THEN TELL US!

DON'T WORRY, CASPER, THEY'LL GET MARRIED SOONER OR LATER!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE DELAY, UNLESS STELLA IS SAYING HIM-- YOU KNOW, I SAID I'D NEVER BELIEVE SHE'LL MARRY HIM UNTIL I SEE THE MINISTER PRONOUNCE THEM MAN AND WIFE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU FOLKS? WHY WON'T YOU LET ME ORDER THE MINISTER FOR YOU? COME ON, ROGER-- TELL ME WHY?

WELL, ABNER, IF YOU MUST KNOW WHY, IT'S BECAUSE STELLA AND I ELOPED AND GOT MARRIED LAST NIGHT!

YES, IT'S TRUE! WE ARE MARRIED! PARDON US FOR STEALING AWAY ON YOU, BUT IT WAS MORE ROMANTIC TO ELOPE!

WELL--- CONGRATULATIONS LOOK, ABNER! HERE'S MY WEDDING RING AND WE'RE BOTH SO HAPPY--

WELL, GUESS THE NEWS! THAT WAS ABNER WHO JUST PHONED-- HE SAYS STELLA AND ROGER ELOPED AND GOT MARRIED LAST NIGHT!

I SUSPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THAT, CASPER! WHEN THEY FAILED TO SHOW UP FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT I KNEW THEY WERE UP TO SOMETHING!

I KNEW STELLA WOULD MARRY HIM BECAUSE SHE LOVES HIM AND I PARTICULARLY ADMIRE HER FOR IT BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THAT HE HASN'T ANYTHING!

ABNER SAID ON THE PHONE IT WAS CUTE THE WAY STELLA WAS CLEANING HOUSE AND TO SEE HER Dainty HANDS IN DISH WATER!

ROGER'S LITTLE COTTAGE IS JUST A SHACK, BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM A NICE NEW HOME. ALL FURNISHED AS A WEDDING GIFT AND I'LL RAISE HIS SALARY, TOO!

IF YOU HAVE TWO NICE NEW HOUSES I COULD USE ONE OF THEM, MYSELF, UNCLE!

LOOK, UNCLE EVERETT! HERE COMES STELLA RUSHING UP THE STREET AND ROGER IS TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH HER-- NOW WHAT'S UP? DON'T TELL ME SHE'S LEAVING HIM ALREADY!

OH, MR. CHUCKLE-- I MADE AN AMAZING DISCOVERY WHEN I WAS CLEANING OUT AN OLD TRUNK OF ROGER'S AND I WANT YOUR ADVICE--

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE DISCOVERED A SKELETON IN HIS CLOSET OR SOMETHING, CHILD? SIT DOWN AND TELL ME WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND!

STELLA SEEMS TERRIBLY EXCITED-- WHAT HAS SHE DISCOVERED?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

JIMMY MURPHY

CLYDE BEATTY'S Escape from JUNGLE DEATH

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CIRCUS ANIMAL TRAINER!

Clyde Beatty, the first man ever to teach jungle-born lions, tigers and panthers to perform together in a single cage. You saw him in the thrilling movie, "The Big Cage." He's saving soon for India and the Malay, with orders to bring back 25 more tigers and 2 mammoth rhinos!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION



SO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO BECOME AN ANIMAL TRAINER, TOMMY. FIRST, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE LOTS OF ENERGY... THE KIND OF ENERGY CREAM OF WHEAT GIVES. LISTEN TO THE EXPERIENCE I HAD. REX WAS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL...

GEE, TELL ME ABOUT IT, MR. BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY'S OWN STORY...
OKAY TO START REHEARSAL, MR. BEATTY. BUT WATCH OUT FOR THAT NEW LION, REX. HE'S ACTING MEAN AGAIN.

HE'S STILL NERVOUS AFTER HIS LONG BOAT TRIP. BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT



REX IS MAD AS A HORNET. I'M GLAD I'M OUTSIDE THIS CAGE!
UP-UP ON THE PEDESTAL, REX!



COME ON OUT, CLYDE. THIS WAY—QUICK!

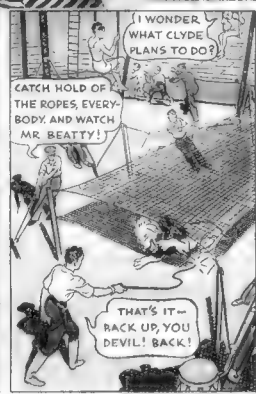
HOLY SMOKES! HE'S CLAWED BEATTY'S ARM!



RUN, YOU KIDS! A LION'S LOOSE!

I'LL GET REX. YOU BOYS SEPARATE THE CATS IN THE CAGE. AND STAND BY THOSE TRAPEZE NET SUPPORTS!

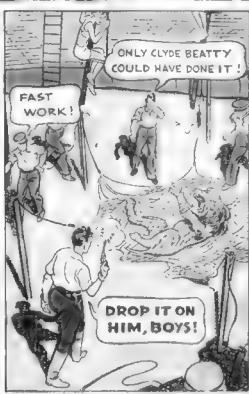
I stepped from the cage, my arm painfully clawed by Rex's surprise attack. Instantly—before the door could be closed behind me—I flashed a toasty tornado of jungle fury. The other animals started a battle royal. I shouted to the attendants...



I WONDER WHAT CLYDE PLANS TO DO?

CATCH HOLD OF THE ROPES, EVERYBODY. AND WATCH MR. BEATTY!

THAT'S IT—RACK UP, YOU DEVIL! BACK!



ONLY CLYDE BEATTY COULD HAVE DONE IT!

FAST WORK!

DROP IT ON HIM, BOYS!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, PUT HIM BACK IN HIS CAGE FOR TODAY

GREAT WORK, CLYDE. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SERIOUS, WITH OUR PERFORMERS OUT THERE REHEARSING—AND THOSE TWO LITTLE KIDS...

WHAT I'M GETTING AT, TOMMY, IS THAT IT TAKES JUST HEAPS OF ENERGY TO THINK AND ACT FAST AND SUCCEED. THAT'S WHY YOU AND EVERY YOUNGSTER SHOULD EAT CREAM OF WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST. IT'S THE WAY MANY PEOPLE WHO ARE FAMOUS TODAY STARTED OUT...

GEE, I'LL TELL MOTHER RIGHT AWAY!

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, RASTUS? WHAT DO YOU SAY?

What does Rastus say?

FREE FOR BEST ANSWERS

GRAND PRIZE—NEW PLYMOUTH
Deluxe Four Door Sedan—Val. \$750

50 SUPER BALLOON TIRE BICYCLES!
Value \$39.00 each

500 PAIRS OF "SILENT FLASH" ROLLER SKATES—RUBBER TIRED!
Value \$4.00 per pair

CREAM OF WHEAT

WRITE 15 WORDS OR LESS—WIN THESE VALUABLE PRIZES! ENTRY BLANK AT RIGHT. MAIL IT NOW!

● It's easy to win—you have 551 chances! Clyde Beatty has just asked a question of Rastus on the Cream of Wheat package. Now—what does Rastus answer?

This will help you! Rastus might be saying "You said a packageful, Mr. Beatty. Cream of Wheat sure gives energy to children!" Think of it—something as simple as that may win for you the beautiful new Plymouth... or one of the 550 other exciting prizes.

Clip the entry blank now. Write down your best suggestion for Rastus... 15 words or less. And mail it in with the green triangle from a Cream of Wheat package top for a reasonable farmish. Send in several suggestions, if you wish. For additional free entry blanks, see your grocer now!

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK NOW!
Contest closes midnight, October 30th

Place this on a postcard or enclose in an envelope and mail to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. CW-1, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Please print... do not write!

I hereby subscribe to all the rules of the contest. Kindly enter my suggestion. I think Rastus is saying:

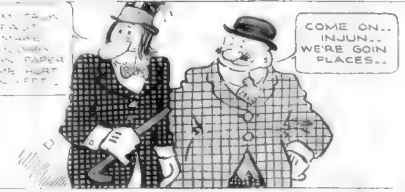
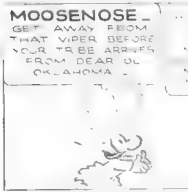
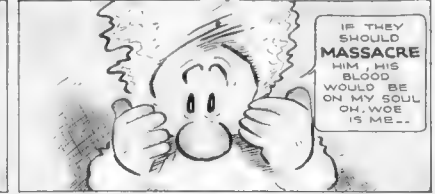
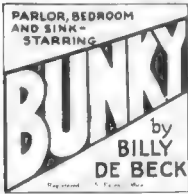
To notify me of award, please address

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____

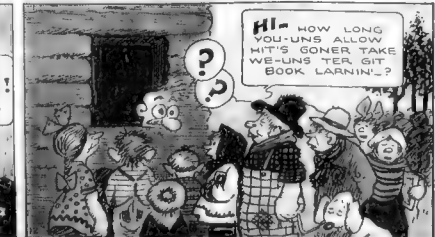
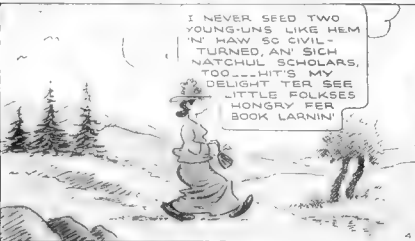
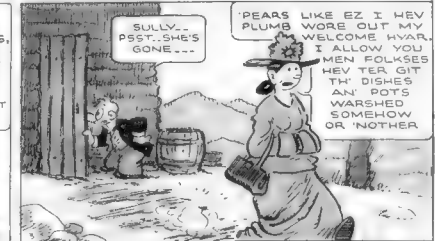
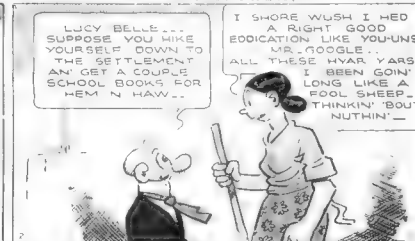
Place the green triangle of facsimile here!

RULES

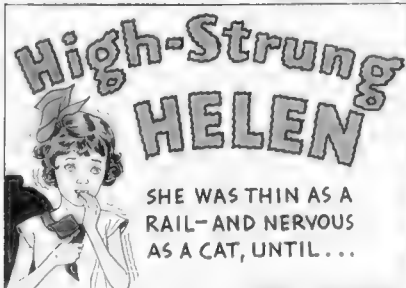
1. Entries will be postmarked at the time of receipt.
2. Green triangles for prizes appear on the Cream of Wheat Corporation's... (text continues)
3. The judges will be... (text continues)
4. If more than one person submits the same winning suggestion, duplicate prizes will be awarded the prize contestants.
5. Any number of suggestions may be... (text continues)
6. Entries must be... (text continues)
7. All entries will become the property of the Cream of Wheat Corporation.



Barney Google



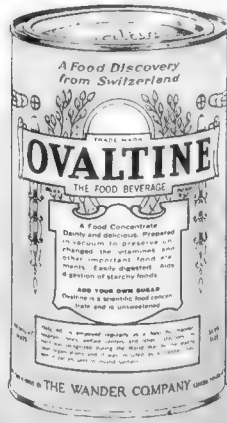
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WANDER COMPANY



Mothers! Here's How Ovaltine Helps The Nervous Child—And Often Adds A Pound A Week In Weight

OVALTINE is a pure food concentrate, approved by more than 20,000 doctors. It is highly valued because of the very noticeable increases in both weight and nerve poise, which so frequently occur, when Ovaltine is added to the regular daily fare. Recent scientific tests conducted with 48 school children in New York showed a decrease in nervousness, in some cases, of 25% in 2 weeks when Ovaltine was added to the regular diet. 85% of all nervous, under-par children treated in these New York tests responded almost at once. In one case, nervousness—as measured by the Olson-University of Minnesota checking system—diminished as much as 18% in a single week. While these results are of outstanding significance to mothers of nervous children, they are equally important to the mothers of underweight children, too. For child specialists have long observed that underweight and nervousness usually go hand in hand. Thus, when a child is given Ovaltine, he

benefits 2 ways. For it acts to break up the "vicious circle" that nervousness and underweight always tend to create. And often, weight increases of a pound a week or more are reported when Ovaltine is added to normal diet. Thousands of nervous people, men and women, take Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. Physicians also recommend it as a strengthening food-drink for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged; and also for sleeplessness when taken hot at bedtime. So remarkable are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, during the World War, medical authorities selected it as a standard ration for invalid and nerve-shattered soldiers. You simply mix Ovaltine with milk—either hot or cold—and children love it for its delicious taste. You can obtain Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Get a can of it today. (Note the special offer of the genuine Little Orphan Annie Mug for serving hot Ovaltine. It adds that "party touch" at mealtime that every child delights in.)



MAIL FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE

The Wander Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 11-2. Send me your sample package of Ovaltine mailing Co. 21c for special offer at night. (These offers good in U. S. A. only)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

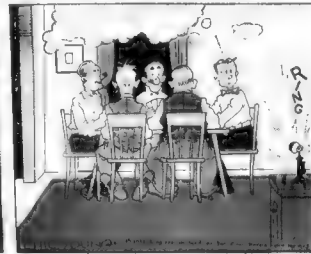
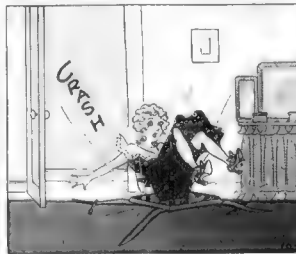
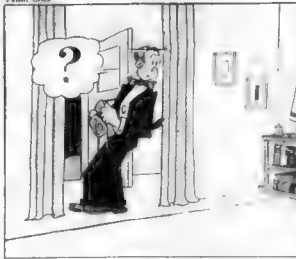
SPECIAL OFFER
Ovaltine's Very Own Mug
With 100ml. portion of Ovaltine and Sample Package of Ovaltine and Sample Package of Ovaltine

OVALTINE
LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Blondie

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1934



THE NEBBS

Registered U. S. Patent Office

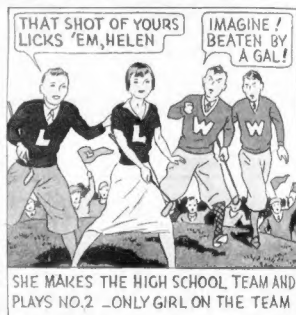


HOW HELEN HICKS BECAME THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPION

AND HOW SHE KEEPS HER ENERGY FRESH THROUGH LONG TOURNAMENT GRINDS!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



HELEN HICKS says ABOUT CAMELS:

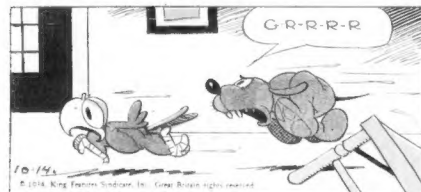
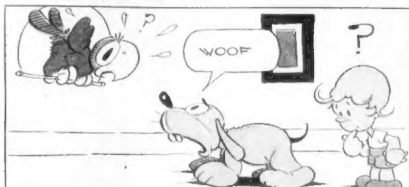
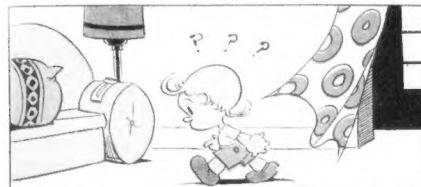
THE STRAIN OF CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF PUTS A GREAT TAX ON YOUR ENERGY — BUT I NEVER MIND — I KNOW I CAN ALWAYS QUICKLY RESTORE MY ENERGY WITH A CAMEL — I FIND I CAN SMOKE CAMELS CONSTANTLY WITHOUT A SIGN OF JANGLED NERVES

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL."

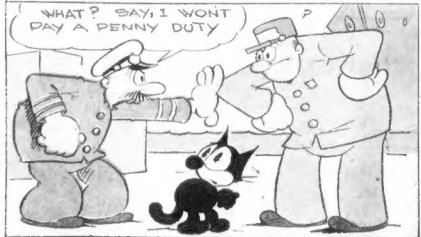
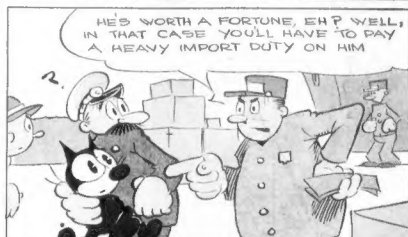
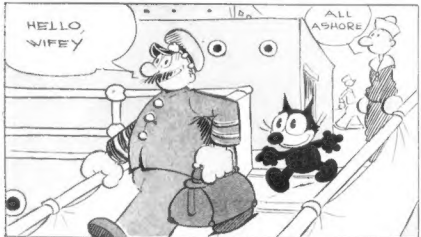
A GOOD NEIGHBOR TELLS JACK THE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO...





Felix

Registered U. S. Patent Office



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BEGINNING

BEFORE THE GAME

END

FUNNY FILMS

CUT OUT STRIPS OF FILM AND STAGE - SLIT ALONG DOTTED LINES ON SCREEN - MOVE FILM THROUGH SLITS TO CHANGE HEADS.

FELIX MOVIES

BEGINNING

AFTER THE GAME

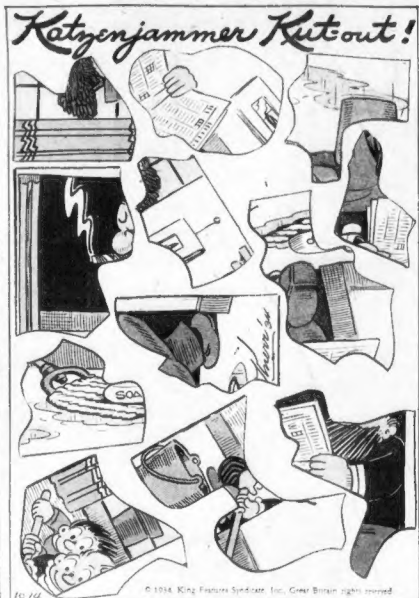
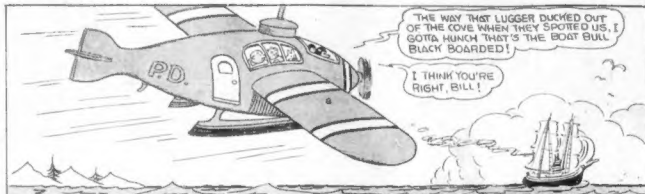
END

Tim Tyler's Luck

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1934



**DINGLE-HOOVER
AND HIS DOG
ADOLPH
BY KNERR**
Registered U. S. Patent Office



The Katzenjammer Kids

